

EDITORIAL

NOBEL LINEAGE

Dr. William Shockley, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist who dabbles noisily in social genetics, has gone beyond mere theoretical attribution of racial inferiority to genetic causes and put his chromosomes on the line. Recently, Dr. Shockley said that he and three other Nobel laureates, who chose to remain anonymous, had donated their sperm to a repository maintained by a wealthy California improver of the breed named Robert K. Graham. The sperm had been given to childless married women who wanted to bear a lot of little laureates.

Dr. Shockley said modestly that he was only doing his bit toward "increasing the people at the top of the population" as opposed to "the genetically disadvantaged at the bottom." Nature's Nobelmen they might be called. The result, if all goes well, will be an American-style *Urbemensch* who studies hard in school, wins prizes in physics or genetics and goes on to discover an antidote for the neutron bomb or how to clone a quark.

The would-be mothers, understandably, were not further identified by Graham, but we can't help suspecting that they are middle-class, white and of some means—in which case their offspring, if any, will have a crucial class headstart. Studies have regularly shown that I.Q.—a class-biased measurement to start with—is most dramatically affected by environmental influences, beginning with parental example and including length of schooling, nutrition and even television. If Dr. Shockley seriously meant to advance his theories about the genetic causes of poor educational performance, he should have specified that his surrogate offspring be gestated and raised by a welfare mother with an absent husband who lives in a poverty ghetto. Dr. Shockley and his fellow superstuds should help the genetically neediest cases.

YEMEN BUNGLE Fred Halliday

NIXON'S BACK IN TOWN Carey McWilliams Calvin Trillin

COLOMBIAN HOSTAGES Penny Lernoux

THE SHAME OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION Mark Reutter

CORPORATE 'GOOD GUYS' Mark Green

MICHAEL HARRINGTON Robert Lekachman

VIETNAM REDUX

THE POLITICS OF DEJA VU

WALTER LaFEBER

The failure of the Administration's policy toward the Soviet Union is taking the United States not only out of the so-called "post-Vietnam malaise" but back to the political and intellectual climate that produced Vietnam—and Watergate. The New Frontier's foreign policy is being born again, but this time without any pretense that any Great Society at home will accompany it.

The ironies to be found in the current crisis are instructive. A President who in three years could not construct a consistent policy toward Russia now enjoys the trust of an overwhelming number of Americans because that policy finally collapsed. An Administration that could neither pass critically important legislation through Congress nor answer widespread criticism of its own political ineptness has effectively used its inability to free American hostages in Iran for more than four months as a weapon to blunt Congressional opposition and win Democratic primaries. (Last week, with the United Nations resolution gaffe, this "strategy" was pushed to its limits.)

Meanwhile, the most successful advisers in the Administration have given way to the less successful. Andrew Young, whose policies toward Africa and Latin America were the most effective of any foreign policies, is already gone. Cyrus Vance and Marshall Shulman, who have understood that SALT II is more important to our survival than the question of who holds Kabul, are on the way out. With them will go SALT II. The less successful advisers, however, remain in power. Some, including Zbigniew Brzezinski and top Pentagon and State Department officials, have been offering dubi-

(Continued on Page 307)

LETTERS.

A LITTLE MORE

Los Angeles

Despite the fact that Clancy Sigal's "Rejoinder" to my article on libel by novel ["In Libel, Fiction Is No Defense," *The Nation*, Feb. 2] is, as he says, colored by his having been "skewered in all but name by a vengeful but talented lady" and his admission that not only is he "paranoid about libel" ("paranoia" is a tendency, says Webster's Third International Dictionary, "that often takes the form of a compensatory megalomania," which, the same source points out, may be defined as "infantile feelings of omnipotence, esp. when retained in later life") but also that he is "never sure what the law is at any given moment," I would, in the name of the First Amendment, permit it to stand without sur-rejoinder were it not for his gratuitous slur that "He [George Slaff] knows nothing about the prices of freedom." Permit me to set out a sampling of a few facts from a lifetime of similar facts.

I don't know where Mr. Sigal was in 1937-38 (if, indeed, he was then in existence), but I was, during that time, in the South on behalf of The Workers Defense League and the sharecroppers (mostly black) of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union and also in northern New Jersey actively involved in the struggle against Mayor Frank ("I Am the Law") Hague of Jersey City and on behalf of the right of the Newspaper Guild, the U.A.W., the Aluminum Workers of America and the C.I.O. unions to organize, as well as the right, not only of Jehovah's Witnesses in Griffin, Georgia, to distribute their literature without official molestation but also of labor organizers to do the same in New Jersey.

In 1942-45, I was in Europe with the American Red Cross, having volunteered for that service after having been "classified by his [my] draft board 4-F and refused entrance into three branches of the Armed Services in which he sought to enlist" [*Slaff v. Commissioner of Internal Revenue*].

In 1965 I was in Mississippi as part of the "Mississippi Challenge" to the right of the five white Mississippi Congressmen to sit in the House of Representatives in view of the disenfranchisement of black people in that state since 1891, a task, I may say, that was not exactly a

favorite area of insurance with Lloyd's underwriters.

None of the foregoing (along with much of a similar nature) may be quite as dangerous or as insightful into "the prices of freedom" as novel-writing or teaching film in that well-known industrial inner-city jungle, the University of California at Santa Barbara, but I, for my part, have been content over the years to devote as much time and effort as I could to the "prices [and right] of freedom" for others, rather than bemoaning and bewailing the fact that someone else's right to be free of despicable calumny might impinge upon my right to utter and spread that calumny.

George Slaff

AND MORE

London

I can see why Mr. Slaff wins his courtroom victories. Anyone who can jerk tears from our eyes while tearing down the First Amendment is not a lawyer to be trifled with. Basically he asks us to agree with his prosecuting a libel case for a thin-skinned client because he, Slaff, was once a civil libertarian. I sympathize with this tactic. I too have tried it, with some success. Whenever a younger radical's arguments have me on the ropes, I trot out my "war record" as a union man, campus martyr, McCarthyite victim, etc. But it's bluster. The fact is, libel laws are reactionary. Whoever uses them or defends them, from whatever "left" position, is taking a shot at the Constitution. Lillian Hellman's foolish suit against Mary McCarthy only confirms McCarthy's analysis of her character—and I am a Hellman admirer. Anyone on the left who sues for libel or counsels a libel action betrays the spirit of freedom which really is the only thing radicals are about.

Clancy Sigal

TWO ON QUINN

Englewood, N.J.

Your December 22, 1979, issue offers an extreme example of the kind of editing that I find deplorable. Jim Quinn is allowed to take over three pages to say that *Less Than Words Can Say* is a rotten book ["A Plague of Pop Grammarians"]. Reading on and on, one expects to find something discussed that will deserve this amount of space—over 10 percent of the writing in this

issue—but alas there is nothing. It is true that *The Nation* has always been a literary as well as a political magazine—and it should be. But with the hundreds of general-interest books published each month, wouldn't it be better to cover five or six each week briefly? And to point these reviews toward books that *The Nation* recommends? . . .

John R. Woods

Philadelphia

High marks for Mr. Quinn.

Dr. Mitchell's suggestion that "an educational system that does not teach the technology of writing is preventing thought" would probably cause the shade of Alfred North Whitehead to again decry the resurgence of "obscurantism."

The technology of writing, far from enhancing one's capacity for thought, may well obscure it. "Knowing," said Plotinus, "demands the organ fitted to the object."

The Great Truth of "adequatio" teaches us that restriction in the use of instruments of cognition has the inevitable effect of harrowing and impoverishing reality.

—E.F. Schumacher

A Guide for the Perplexed

An adequate technician is not necessarily an adequate thinker. Worse still is the technician who thinks he is adequate because he has mastered the technology. To paraphrase a saying from Zen Buddhism, "The technology of writing is only a raft by which the other bank of the river may be reached; when the bank has been reached the raft must be put aside. Too often building the raft becomes the end and the bank is forgotten."

Francis M. Betts III

AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a study of faculty plagiarism in U.S. colleges and universities, I seek information about cases other than the celebrated Texas one of McCrocklin in 1969 and the less publicized one of Sakata and Litwack in Ohio in 1975. If you can help, please contact: Prof. R.M. Frumkin, Social Science Division, Shaw College, 7351 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

CONTENTS.

Volume 230, No. 10

COVER

Editorial:

Nobel Lineage

Vietnam Redux:

The Politics of Déjà Vu

Walter LaFeber

LETTERS

290

EDITORIALS

291 Terrorists' Game

292 Independents' Day

292 C.I.A. Symbolism

293 Bungle in Yemen

294 Second Thoughts

295 Variations

Fred Halliday
Carey McWilliams
Calvin Trillin

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ARTICLES

296 Democracy Held Hostage:

Desperation Play in Colombia

Penny Lernoux

298 The Shame of Workmen's Comp

Mark Reutter

301 Busing for Sick People:

The Inner-City Hospital Battle

Margaret Gentry

304 "Pro-Consumer" Businesses:

Corporate "Good Guys"

Mark Green

BOOKS & THE ARTS

309 Harrington: Decade of Decision

Robert Lekachman

310 Gardner: Freddy's Book

J.D. O'Hara

312 Magee, ed.: Men of Ideas

Sidney Morgenbesser

314 Blue Heron (poem)

Laurence Lieberman

316 Theater

Harold Clurman

316 Films

Robert Hatch

Drawings by Signe Wilkinson

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EDITORIALS.

Terrorists' Game

Columnist William Safire complained in *The New York Times* the other day that "The U.S. and U.N. appeasement of terrorists who seized diplomats in Iran has encouraged other terrorists to seize sixteen ambassadors in Colombia" and has endangered "thousands of other innocents in years to come." The only proper response to terrorism, in his view, is violence of a level sufficient to make it apparent that the costs of terror outweigh the benefits.

The difficulty with this view is that it fails to comprehend a central purpose of contemporary terrorism—to provoke repressive responses from the government that the terrorists seek to overthrow, as Penny Lernoux writes in her report on the Bogotá hostage situation on page 296. The nature of terrorist acts is such that violent or repressive government response cannot be limited to the perpetrators of terror. Necessarily, many innocents suffer. This arouses antagonism to the government, advancing the cause of the terrorists.

Terrorists have been explicit about this objective. Carlos Marighella, a Brazilian terrorist and theoretician of terror who was killed in a gun battle in 1969 and author of a manual that has become the bible for terrorists worldwide, popularized the strategy. The now defunct Weather Underground even attempted to adapt Marighella's theories to the United States. Its 1974 statement called "Prairie Fire" asserted that "armed struggle brings the resistance to a sharper and deeper level of development. The greater the resistance, the greater will be the force and scope of the state repression brought to bear upon the people. When resistance is at a high level, the enemy takes measures against the people. But treading lightly will not assuage the rulers. Violent repression is built into the status quo."

To those favoring Safire's view, the response to terrorism by the Government of Israel is often held up as an ideal. But has Israel's policy worked? Hardly a week passes without some new terrorist incident in Israel. The toll in dead and maimed is immense. Palestinian terrorists have not deluded themselves into believing that their terror can make the Israelis pack up and leave. Their purposes are served, rather, when the Israelis round up, search, detain and interrogate

MAR 11 1980

every Arab in the vicinity of a marketplace bombing or in a village suspected of harboring terrorists, or when Israel destroys a village across the border. These responses to terror have helped the terrorists to keep Palestinian hostility to Israel seething.

Coping with terrorism is a difficult business. The threat it poses cannot be ignored, for every government must assure the safety of its officials. But it is important for a government to respond in a measured way, if only to avoid serving the terrorists by showing that it is repressive. Among other things, that requires an assessment of the actual violence done by the terrorists. As Raymond Aron wrote some years ago, "An action of violence is labeled 'terrorist' when its psychological effects are out of proportion to its purely physical result." Yet only the actual physical result of terrorism should enter into calculations about the proper response. And, if the response reflects a concern that innocents should not suffer, a victimized government prevents terrorism from arousing sentiment against it.

As we have written in these pages on many occasions, Iranians have good grounds for their grievances against the United States. And in some respects the Carter Administration's rhetoric and policies have complicated the hostage situation; but the restraint that it has so far displayed in its response to the seizure of the hostages has enhanced American prestige worldwide. As a result, the United States has helped to make it possible for forces other than those represented by the hostage-takers to gain ascendancy in Iran.

Independents' Day

Candidate Jimmy Carter, author of the 1976 pledge "I will not lie to you," has found a way around that. It is to make others lie in his behalf. In the matter of the repudiated U.S. vote for a United Nations resolution condemning Israeli settlements in occupied territories, he has made Secretary of State Cyrus Vance the compliant liar.

The lie sounds at first like a mere evasion—the vote was due to a "failure in communications"—but it clearly is a most barefaced falsehood. In the current lingo, "failure in [or of] communications" is the all-purpose, reversible, handy, disposable political excuse, itself a lie.

This lie won't wear, however. Already it has come apart at the seams, revealing that (1) campaigner Carter grossly miscalculated the political pressures, here and in Israel, of the U.N. vote, to which he then cravenly yielded, and (2) that the diplomatic policies of this Administration are about as unyielding as bubble gum. And, in the process of rectifying what campaign manager Robert Strauss called "a terrible mistake," Carter has undermined the credibility of the Secretary of State, which should not lightly be done.

Naturally, Carter's political opponents have jumped all over him, with Senator Edward Kennedy declaring that "It's rather incredulous that it could be a mistake of that dimension." He meant "incredible," of course (it was the diplomatic community that was incredulous—at the Presi-

dent's explanation of the turnabout, which omitted all reference to the primaries), and indeed it is. The effect will be to make any U.S. pressure on Israel to abandon the settlements policy and to negotiate seriously on the occupied territories altogether unconvincing.

So much for the clumsy misuse of the White House as a political pulpit in an election year. As for the political backdrop against which this farce was being enacted, it can be said after Massachusetts and Vermont that the picture has changed a bit. Kennedy is still breathing, heavily, having blocked a knockout blow in his home state. He is at last bearing down on the economic-social issues. In order to survive, this year and in 1984, he must step up this pressure and go the whole distance, offering a real alternative to the Coolidgeism from Georgia.

On the Republican side, the John Anderson phenomenon is more significant than Gerald Ford's recent soliloquy on his availability, which merely guarantees bad luck for all the rest of the pack, whether or not he plunges in too late to win. Anderson represents the largest "party" in the country; that is, the nonparty voters called independents. In Massachusetts almost half of the independents who had just voted in the Republican primary voted for Anderson. He has positioned himself among the disillusioned millions with a "campaign of ideas" that seems new-minted compared with the shopworn goods retailed by the other Republicans.

Those who listen to what Anderson is saying hear about an amalgam of policies ranging from "fiscal responsibility" to relatively decent stands on social issues such as abortion, gun control and school integration, along with a convincing antimilitarism. That can't win him the Republican nomination, and it is hard to see how it can move his party opponents leftward since they are all courting the hard-core conservatives who vote, or so they believe. In a postelection interview, Ronald Reagan deprecated Anderson's votes as "liberal Democratic crossovers," and allowed that it would be the rock-ribbed regulars who would be choosing the delegates in Vermont—and, by implication, in some other states as well. This was presumably the same Reagan who, a few days before, had turned aside Ford's questioning of his appeal by pointing out that he won two gubernatorial elections in California, which has a two-to-one Democratic majority. At any rate, the Anderson vote is a repudiation of both parties and the rest of the candidates, if not of the "system" itself.

C.I.A. Symbolism

Testifying February 20 before the House Subcommittee on Information and Individual Rights, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence Frank Carlucci repeated the Agency's oft-stated plea to be largely exempted from the Freedom of Information Act (F.O.I.A.). Admitting, as he has in the past, that sufficient "national security exemptions do exist" in the F.O.I.A. to protect vital secrets, and that the act itself had not caused leaks, Carlucci nonetheless argued that would-be spies, in-

formers and accomplices "have an entirely different perception." They refuse to sell us information because the act has assumed "a larger-than-life role as a symbol" of the Agency's inability to keep secrets. Although Carlucci insisted that this perception was not correct, he nevertheless wanted the Agency freed from the act's disclosure provisions because, as he explained, "It is unimportant whether they are right or not . . . in our business perception is reality."

Setting aside our questions about the value, ethics and corruptive quality of the C.I.A.'s intelligence-by-bribery policies, we find Carlucci's argument intriguing. By the same logic, how long will it be before some creative prosecutor takes up the cry to repeal the Fourth Amendment on the ground that, though it may not actually cause criminals to go free, some policemen and crooks think it does? And if a marginally more efficient C.I.A. justifies removing it from public accountability, then why would not marginally safer streets justify removing such inefficient prohibitions as those against unreasonable searches and seizures?

Carlucci also testified that the F.O.I.A. was no longer needed as an oversight device because Congress now has its own oversight committees, and he affirmed that those committees were being supplied with "whatever information they need" to prevent abuses. The very next day, however, C.I.A. Director Stansfield Turner informed a Senate intelligence committee that sensitive information had been and would continue to be withheld from the committees, despite his assurances to the contrary in his confirmation hearings. The Senate, to its credit, does seem to be concerned about this deception, but Turner's revelation should serve as a timely reminder that in the past Congress has done more overlooking than overseeing. The Freedom of Information Act provides an independent check; no wonder the intelligence agencies and their friends want to get rid of it.

Carlucci's testimony was also revealing in other respects. Given his confession that the C.I.A. depends on sources who are unable to recognize the difference between symbol and reality and the Agency's inability to explain the difference to them, it is not surprising that the quality of the intelligence it provides has been so disappointing. How can an agency that cannot abide the public accountability our system requires and that cannot explain that system to its own accomplices represent our interests abroad?

Bungle in Yemen

A year ago, after months of indecision about where a newly alerted America would make its stand against "Soviet expansionism," the strategic pin was placed firmly on a hitherto obscure point of the globe: not Shaba nor Nicaragua, not Thailand nor the 38th parallel but North Yemen. This mountainous country of seven million people was, it was claimed, facing invasion by the Soviet- and Cuban-backed forces of neighboring South Yemen. So on March 7, 1979, Jimmy Carter signed a memorandum to the Secretaries of State and Defense

authorizing the immediate sale to the North Yemenis of nearly \$400 million worth of U.S. equipment. This included twelve F-5E jets, sixty-four M60-A1 tanks and fifty M113 armored personnel carriers. Dozens of U.S. training personnel and cargoes of spare parts were to follow over the next two years.

At first it seemed that this was indeed a success for the Carter Administration, and *New York Times* columnist William Safire welcomed the end of "the orgy of pacifism." Yet twelve months later the North Yemeni initiative has run into more than a sand dune: it has virtually evaporated. Only two U.S. advisers now remain on the F-5E program, and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has warned of what he terms "important and troubling developments in that country." Meanwhile, the Saudis have privately let it be known that they are much more concerned about events in North Yemen than about what is happening in the more spectacular trouble spots of Iran and Afghanistan.

I recently had breakfast with the North Yemeni Prime Minister, an American-educated economist named Abdel Aziz Abdel Ghani, during a visit he was making to Britain. Although no great admirer of the left—Mr. Abdel Ghani comes from an Adeni merchant family who have lost out since the revolution in South Yemen—he was quite willing to tell me how the much-heralded U.S. attempt to save his regime had collapsed.

First of all, the arms were to be paid for by Saudi Arabia and, in the case of the jets, they were shipped to Dhahran in Saudi Arabia before being sent on to North Yemen. But once the North Yemeni Government ended its border conflict with the South and agreed on forms of cooperation with the radical Southerners, then the Saudis slowed up the provision of arms and imposed new political conditions on aid.

Next, his own army officers began to complain about the U.S. equipment. The North Yemeni Army was built up with Russian equipment in the 1960s, and U.S. military aid only began in 1976, with \$140 million in infantry equipment financed by Saudi Arabia. The officer corps is reluctant to switch to another system, and the F-5E jets sent in last year had to be flown by pilots brought in from Taiwan. Then, in the middle of last year, the Russians, belying their reputation for heavy-handed diplomacy, gently suggested that they should resupply the North Yemenis with whatever they needed. The links between the two countries had never been completely broken and, with the new atmosphere in North-South Yemeni relations, the Russians would not be alienating their traditional ally in the South by such a move. So, by the end of the year, the Russians had sent in equipment that more or less matched what Carter had promised earlier in 1979: ten MIG-21s and 100 T-55 tanks. And while America's military contingent sank to near-zero, the number of Russian advisers rose to above 100.

The people most responsible for this curious turn of events are, in the first instance, the Saudis who so infuriated the Yemenis that the earlier deal fell through. A last-ditch attempt by Abdel Ghani, on a trip to Saudi Arabia in early January, to rescue relations between the two countries,

(Continued on Page 296)

SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Richard Nixon has finally conceded defeat in his long-standing feud with California. The ex-President recently moved into a newly acquired \$750,000 New York City town house at 142 East 65th Street after vehement tenant protests had forced abandonment of earlier plans to purchase a Fifth Avenue penthouse apartment. While the initial rebuff was no doubt unpleasant, Nixon was determined to re-establish legal residence in New York. The reason cited for his latest move—that both Nixon daughters live in Manhattan—does not fully explain it. While he won't admit it, Nixon has retreated to New York to lick his California-inflicted wounds.

Although born in California, Nixon never seemed to belong there. He never showed much enthusiasm for the state, its history, its institutions or its residents. Inferentially Nixon always regarded the Yorba Linda-Whittier area in Southern California, where he lived for many years, as a bit tacky; it was not quite the setting of which he dreamed. For one thing, his family belonged to a small, deviant lower-middle-class sect that was never fully accepted by the comfortable middle-class Quakers of Whittier. The decision of Dick and Pat to be married in the famous Mission Inn at Riverside reflects a disposition to get out of Whittier and move up in the world. Once Nixon was elected to Congress, they lived as political transients in Washington.

Following his defeat by John Kennedy in 1960, Nixon decided to re-establish his identity as a Californian and to run for governor; a triumph in the 1962 state election would set the stage for another try at the Presidency. With this in mind, the Nixons purchased a hillside pseudo-mansion in a posh Los Angeles area. That mansion, with its nearly empty interior, was hardly the best place from which to launch a rehabilitative campaign in California. In addition, Nixon seemed a bored interloper who was just marking time en route to Washington. He ran a wretched campaign; he could do nothing right just as Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, his opponent, could do nothing wrong. Pat Brown had a warm feeling for California and his fellow Californians; Nixon did not. In search of an alibi, he blamed his defeat on those odd-ball Californians, who had never really liked him any more than he liked them. When he stalked out of the famous post-election press conference in 1962, he obviously intended to abandon the state once and forever. In New York, he joined a Wall Street law firm, established legal residence and purchased a costly Fifth Avenue apartment. His basic insecurities somewhat assuaged by this opulent high-rise after his rebuff in California, he began to plot his 1968 election.

But ever alert to possible dangers, he decided to re-establish legal residence in California in 1970. New residents were then moving into California at the rate of 5,000 a day, and it was obviously destined to become the nation's most populous state. In addition, it had become the western anchor of an arc of states stretching from the Sunbelt to the Middle West and through the Far West, a vast territory thought to be solid Republican terrain. Thus, if he could carry his "home" state in 1972, it would probably insure his

re-election. So on his 57th birthday, determined to prove that he could go home again, Nixon, Pat and Tricia registered, with great fanfare, as California voters in an Orange County courthouse. The Federal Government, he told a cheering crowd, was about to take "a westward tilt."

Oddly enough, Nixon, who never felt any genuine rapport with California voters, insisted on staffing the White House with Californians, much as Carter has tapped Georgians for similar posts. As always, however, Nixon overplayed his hand. He had thought that if the renomination convention could be staged in San Diego, it would avenge the 1962 defeat, please fat-cat friends in San Diego and Orange County and pry large contributions from the I.T.T.-Sheraton Hotel complex. But the scheme boomeranged. One of his multimillionaire San Diego friends began to have difficulties with his tax returns. Then, of course, the Watergate scandals broke, and all those California aides began to troop off to assorted prisons, embittered by the knowledge that the "boss" had betrayed them. Yet when ouster came, it was to the San Clemente compound that Nixon fled, for it seemed to offer an ideal hideaway. But while the view was splendid, the fugitive began to be lonely there and grow irked with the indifference of the Californians to his regal presence.

In the spring of 1979, a group of true believers made a concerted effort to rescue Nixon from his status as a nonperson. They planned a series of "Rallies for Nixon," the first of which was staged at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel and geared to the theme: "Nixon Now More Than Ever!" But it proved to be a flop; the top media celebrities shied off. A junket to the safe political territory of Blyden, Kentucky, with picnic cheers, and brief visits to Paris and Oxford, and a weekend with the Shah of Iran in Mexico failed to break the San Clemente isolation. And the atmosphere was changing. Even Orange County was showing signs of new life. Mrs. Norman Chandler had never forgiven Nixon for his shabby treatment of her husband when he was ill, and her *Los Angeles Times* hardly noticed his existence. He found it necessary to resign from the California State Bar to checkmate possible disciplinary proceedings. And quirky Californians began to raise questions about his travel and expense allowances, and why hadn't he given La Casa Pacifica to the American people as he had promised?

So once again he decided to flee California, this time for keeps. He is now back in New York City where the rich are more numerous than in California and move in closed circles. He sought refuge here once before and found it; perhaps he can again. But he will not return to California. Enconced in his carefully guarded town house, he will now try to get back into the limelight which he was denied in California. The Nixons attended the Karnival at Luchow's, where the great one was kissed on the cheek by a young girl, posed for pictures and tried to look amiable. For California it is good riddance; for New York his presence means trouble.

VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN



A secretly Xeroxed manuscript of Richard Nixon's new book has, as they say in the trade, found its way into my possession. For years, I have been waiting for some carefully guarded document to find its way into my possession. In my mind, the phrase has always conjured up the vision of an important document wandering the streets of lower

Manhattan, confused and bewildered, until a kindly policeman on Sixth Avenue provides flawless directions to my house. I figured that a secret document would find its way into my possession if I simply waited around long enough at the same address, looking receptive. That is precisely what happened. I did not ferret out this document. I might as well admit that I hadn't realized Mr. Nixon had produced another volume; it seemed only moments since the last one. I had assumed, I suppose, that his literary output would have been slowed up by the bustle of moving from San Clemente and by his previous difficulties with trying to buy an apartment in East Side co-ops that persisted in treating him as if he were Jewish or a tap-dancer. Ordinarily, complications involving living quarters play havoc with a writer's production; a writer I'll call William Edgett Smith, whose procrastination devices are taught in the senior creative writing seminar at Princeton, once stopped writing for seven weeks in order to see to a leaky radiator. Mr. Nixon apparently suffered no such delays—although in Smith's defense it should be said that he has to manage with no Federally funded research or secretarial help to speak of. Despite the interruptions that accompany any move ("The men want to know whether those partly erased tapes in the cellar stay or go, Dick, and what do you want done with the crown jewels of Rumania?"), Mr. Nixon managed to turn out a volume for Warner Books called *The Real War*. I know because a Xerox of the manuscript found its way into my possession.

Although it is customary to refuse to divulge the source of any document that has found its way into one's possession, I should say at the start that the person who gave me this document was Victor S. Navasky, the editor of this magazine. If anybody feels the need to prosecute or sue, Navasky's your man. I feel no compunction about shifting the blame to Navasky, because he would obviously be the logical target of any investigation anyway, this being his second caper. At this very moment *The Nation* is being sued by Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* for \$12,500 for running an article based on a smuggled-out manuscript of Gerald Ford's book, which was somehow published under a title other than *The White House Memories of a Lucky Klutz*. In an era when an unfairly dismissed busboy would never think of suing for less than a million, the purpose of suing *The Nation* for the price of a publisher's lunch is obvious: the plaintiffs want to make Navasky out to be not just a thief but a small-time thief.

My involvement in this started innocently when Navasky said to me, "We've got a copy of Nixon's book."

"I hope you didn't pay full price," I said.

"Not that book. The new one. Smuggled out."

Sticky Fingers Navasky had struck again. I was, of course, astonished. It's no joke to discover that you've been handing copy in to a recidivist. "If you put it back now, maybe they won't notice that it was missing," I said. Warner Books is part of the sort of conglomerate that is often described as "playing hardball," and I figured that they weren't above humiliating Navasky by suing him for something like \$18 and carfare.

"Take it!" Navasky said, thrusting a bulky bundle into my arms. "Reveal something."

I took it, and skulked out the door. The elevator man was reading the sports page of the *Daily News* as we descended. "Just some laundry," I said to him, gesturing at the bundle I was carrying. "Shirts. That sort of thing." He kept reading. So far, so good.

When I got home, I went into my office, closed the door, and began the manuscript. The first sentence said, "As I write this, a third of a century has passed since I first entered Congress; five years have passed since I resigned the Presidency." Definitely authentic. I plunged ahead. After what seemed like about an hour, I was startled by the jangle of the telephone. It was Navasky.

"Find anything yet?" he said.

I looked down at the manuscript. I was on page 4. "He says, 'The next two decades represent a time of maximum crisis for America and for the West, during which the fate of the world for generations to come may well be determined.'"

There was silence on the phone. Then Navasky said, "Skip ahead."

I skipped ahead to page 105, and started reading. "He says, 'The final chapters have yet to be written on the war in Vietnam,'"

"I reported."

"Skip some more," Navasky said.

"Well," I said, "on page 287 he says, 'The President has great power in wartime as Commander in Chief of the armed forces. But he also has enormous power to prevent war and preserve peace.'"

There was a pause. "Keep skipping," Navasky said.

I read him Nixon's views on leaks ("We must find an accommodation between freedom of the press and the requirements of national survival"). Silence. I read paragraphs on the advantages of summit conferences and on the difference between totalitarianism and authoritarianism. More silence. Finally, I said, "Shall I keep skipping?"

There was no answer. Navasky had fallen asleep.

What is the purpose of being willing to reveal the contents of a purloined manuscript if there is nothing in it that bears revealing?

"Let's give it back," I said to Navasky.

"Our source does not want it back," Navasky said.

"I can see his point."

"Maybe we should shred it," Navasky said.

"All I have in that line is a Cuisinart," I said. "I have a better idea. I'll put it on Sixth Avenue. Maybe it will find its way into someone else's possession."

(Continued From Page 293)

seems to have had no positive results. And Yemeni resentment against the Saudis has been increased by cutoffs in Saudi aid, previously used to finance current as well as development budget expenditures.

Yemeni hostility to the Saudis has plenty of causes. The poorer country dislikes the political controls imposed in the past by its richer neighbor, and the Yemins resent the continued occupation of three provinces of their country—Asir, Jizan, Najran—which the Saudis annexed in 1934. Most Yemenis also blame Saudi Arabian agents for the assassination, in October 1977, of the popular President Ibrahim Al-Hamdi.

For their part, the Saudis look at Yemeni developments with alarm. If the two Yemens united (seven million in the North, two million in the South), they would form by far the most populous state in the Arabian Peninsula, and up to half of the two million aliens in the labor force inside Saudi Arabia are believed to come from the two Yemens. Unlike Iran and Afghanistan, which are separated by culture, language and geography from Saudi Arabia, the Yemens have a common border, language and population with it, and the desert kingdom is therefore much more affected by events there.

The crisis in Saudi-North Yemeni relations has enabled the Northerners not only to warm up relations with the South but also to discuss forming a coalition with the underground Southern-backed National Democratic Front, whose guerrilla actions sparked the border war of last year. Leader of the Front is Sultan Ahmad Omar, author of the only Marxist analysis of North Yemeni society and a gradu-

ate of the American University of Beirut. Sultan Omar has been campaigning since the mid-1960s to uphold the radical republican traditions that overthrew the Imams of North Yemen in 1962, and when I last saw him, in Aden in 1977, he had just produced a new program for the Front calling for land reform and the restoration of democratic liberties. The call for national independence in the North means, in the first instance, independence from Saudi Arabia. Sultan Omar recently returned to North Yemen for discussions with his former foes there and announced that a coalition government would be established. At the same time, the North Yemenis have sacked the powerful Minister of the Interior, Mohammad Khamis, who was responsible for the deaths of leftists in the past.

Events in North Yemen have therefore been a classic case of how the Nixon Doctrine works in practice—not by using local surrogates to protect Western interests but by enabling local surrogates so to provoke other Third World states that the latter, for want of a better alternative, turn to the Soviet Union for assistance. This is what is happening in Angola, in Ethiopia and, after the Shah's meddling there since the mid-1970s, in Afghanistan. If Mr. Vance is troubled by the latest stirrings of Yemeni independence, then he has only himself and his Saudi friends to blame. FRED HALLIDAY

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ARTICLES.

■ DEMOCRACY HELD HOSTAGE

Desperation Play In Colombia

PENNY LERNOUX

The seizure of the Dominican Republic's Embassy in Bogotá by some thirty left-wing guerrillas will have lasting, possibly tragic consequences for Colombia's fragile democracy. Not since *La Violencia*—the civil war of the late 1940s and 1950s—has the country been so traumatized. Although twenty-three of the approximately fifty embassy hostages have been released by the guerrillas, fourteen ambassadors, including U.S. envoy Diego Asencio, two chargés d'affaires and other diplomatic

Bogotá

personnel remain in the guerrillas' power, their lives dependent on highly problematic negotiations between the guerrillas and the Government.

The attack's success was the result of the appallingly lax security maintained by the embassies in Bogotá and by the Foreign Ministry. No special precautions had been taken by the Dominican Embassy despite the anticipated presence of Foreign Minister Diego Uribe Vargas and Defense Minister Luis Carlos Camacho Leyva at the noon reception in honor of the country's independence day. (Both were delayed by official business and therefore escaped capture.) The carefully executed maneuver also was a hallmark of the M-19 guerrillas, whose earlier escapades included tunneling into a Bogotá military armory and making off with more than 5,000 rifles. Even so, as "Comandante Uno," the anonymous leader of the embassy attackers, admitted, the M-19 has suffered serious reverses in the past year.

Using the twin weapons of a state of siege and a draconian national security statute, the Government empowered the military to round up subversives. (See Lernoux, "Colombia's Slide into Dictatorship," *The Nation*, September 29, 1979.) Hundreds of people were caught in the net, most of them without any guerrilla connection. But while the majority have since been released, the campaign shattered Colombia's image as a democratic society with a respect for human rights. Opposition politicians, the press and even leaders of

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the country's traditional Liberal and Conservative parties denounced the use of torture and the failure to observe such basic rights as *habeas corpus*. At one point, ex-President Dario Echandia, the "grand old man" of the majority Liberal Party, went so far as to accuse Camacho Leyva of setting himself up as dictator.

The campaign did achieve the desired result, however, by enabling the military to capture more than 300 people allegedly linked to the M-19 (short for the 19th of April Movement). So certain was the Government that it had destroyed the movement that, days before the embassy seizure, Camacho Leyva said that he did not believe any organized urban guerrilla group had survived. At least fifty M-19 guerrillas were still at large, however, and this core group planned the embassy takeover. Their initial demands for freeing the hostages included the release of 311 prisoners in Colombian jails, among them 219 people held for military trial in Bogotá for alleged M-19 subversion, \$50 million in ransom, to be paid by the nations whose ambassadors are captive, and a plane to take them to an unspecified destination (probably Panama).

Of these three principal conditions, the first is the sticking point. On the one hand, the guerrillas are desperate and have announced that they are prepared to die to free their comrades in prison. Former Foreign Minister Alfredo Vasquez Carrizosa, who spearheaded a campaign against human-rights violations last year, visited the embassy as an unofficial mediator and came away with the impression that the guerrillas are deadly serious. Informed Colombian sources believe that the embassy seizure is the M-19's last stand.

President Julio César Turbay Ayala, on the other hand, is hardly in a position to release 311 prisoners. Since taking office in August 1978, Turbay has carefully reconstructed the legal apparatus, including a major overhaul of the judicial system and a new penal code, to insure that those on trial for guerrilla activities are put away for good. While previous governments used the state of siege to enable the military to judge and sentence guerrillas, civilian courts inevitably overturned their convictions once the state of siege was lifted. Thus, the Government's intricate scheme to eliminate this practice will have been futile if Turbay is forced to free the 311 prisoners. Sources close to the Government agree with Colombian businessmen and politicians that any such "weakness" would be a "mortal blow" to the Government's prestige. Some do not rule out a military coup. There also is a good deal of feeling against the illegality of freeing the prisoners, though Turbay is empowered under the state of siege to take such action without consulting the Congress. While the law more often is paid lip service than obeyed in Colombia, the appearance of legality, and of the juridically proper procedure, is a treasured tradition not lightly ignored.

Known as a "politician's politician," Turbay dragged out negotiations with the guerrillas in the hope of wearing down their resistance. But delay is a risky business when dealing with a group of people, most in their 20s, who went into

the embassy prepared to kill and be killed for their goal. (One guerrilla, 18, died and another, a woman, was wounded in the head. The only diplomat to have suffered serious injury was the honorary Paraguayan consul.) The guerrillas' desperation is a reflection of Colombia's increasingly violent society, wracked by drug and common crime and enormous distortions between a poor majority and a wealthy minority and widespread frustration with a two-party political system that does not answer the people's needs and which even its own leaders say is out of date. Electoral abstention averages 80 percent. "Colombia is disintegrating," says former President Carlos Lleras Restrepo.

The last time the poor thought they had a candidate of their own, in ex-dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, the front-runner in the 1970 Presidential elections, the voting was rigged against him. Although Rojas himself offered a mixed bag of populism, right-wing demagoguery and corruption, he was able to communicate with the people in their own language, a gift few Colombian politicians seem to possess. After the old man died, the M-19 emerged as a left-wing offshoot of his party, originally in the guise of politically idealistic Robin Hoods, much as Uruguay's Tupamaros had done a decade and a half earlier, and later as hardened terrorists who assassinated labor leaders and businessmen.

As pointed out by Enriqu  Santos Calderon, Colombia's most eloquent spokesman for the small political left, seizures of embassies elsewhere in the world may have helped goad the M-19 into taking the Dominican Republic's five-bedroom mansion, but the act and its consequences are Colombian in nature. Unlike Iran, the Government is militantly opposed to the guerrillas. Comparisons with Central America likewise miss the mark: in contrast to Nicaragua and El Salvador, there is no popular support for the guerrillas. Nor has there ever been. As Gen. Camacho Leyva himself once said, these groups have been around for nearly two decades without ever posing a serious threat to the central Government. The principal difference in the embassy seizure is that it does pose a threat, not from the extreme left but the extreme right. Gerardo Molina, a prominent member of the left-wing Front Firms, strongly condemns the embassy seizure because "it is criminal to court chaos in Colombia, when this can only favor the extreme right." Such has been the experience of Argentina and Uruguay. Indeed, the "spiral of violence" between left and right in Colombia has often been likened to Uruguay's situation, where the politicians ceded so many powers to the military, in order to deal with the Tupamaros, that they eventually were overthrown by the military.

This, of course, is classic Latin American guerrilla strategy—to provoke military repression and a coup in order to turn the populace against the government and therefore set the stage for revolution. The problem with this theory is that it rarely works. The only recent exception is Nicaragua, and there a majority of the people supported the uprising, not just a small group of militants who, in Santos Calderon's words, "follow their own infernal, internal dynamic with no thought for the consequences of their actions."

In the last round of repression in January 1979, after the

M-19 arms robbery, most of the victims were poor people who had nothing to do with guerrillas but were considered suspect because they worked with labor unions and slum associations or genuinely popular organizations. The arms robbery was insignificant compared to the seizure of diplomatic hostages, and thus there is considerable fear, particularly among those who work with the poor, that the military backlash could be much worse. Commented Vasquez Carriosa: "It would be most lamentable if the embassy case . . . resulted in a renewal of [repression] under the security statute that could lead to an authoritarian state."

Much depends on whether Turbay can solve the difficult issue of the 311 prisoners, perhaps through the release of those who are not on trial for homicide, although it is not at all certain that either the guerrillas or the military would accept such a compromise. If the guerrillas' patience runs out, the crisis could end in a shoot-out.

The tragedy of the M-19's action is that it comes at a time when both the Government and the military have been attempting to improve their image. Thanks to the outcry against human-rights violations—or possibly the military's conviction that it had eliminated the M-19—the mass arrests and house searches that occurred in the first half of 1979 have notably diminished. Gen. Camacho Leyva also announced that narcotics control is the concern of the police, not the military, and that therefore the military no longer will be involved in the militarization of such marijuana-growing regions as the Guajira Peninsula. Since the antidrug campaign was officially linked to the military's overall war on subversion, its removal from this area has been viewed as a welcome reduction in military influence.

Now the embassy seizure may have irrevocably altered the situation. As the Liberal Party's Senator Luis Carlos Galán observed, such acts attempt "to imprison us in a false dilemma: terrorism or dictatorship. Thus is fascism born. It is what the Europeans call 'the strategy of tension.' " □

The Shame of Workmen's Comp

MARK REUTTER

A top A.F.L.-C.I.O. official in Washington listened gravely as a series of numbers were read to him. "Yes, it's a big problem and we're very concerned about it, but . . ." His voice trailed off then came back strong. "But it's just hard to sell and, darn it, there are a lot of issues, economic issues, that our members need."

The official was commenting on a just-completed study by the Labor Department which dramatically documents what many experts have long suspected: the sixty-six-year-

old Workmen's Compensation program is a parody of its name. Rather than compensating those maimed on the job, the system shields industry from financial liability for its workplace practices and promiscuous use of hazardous chemicals, and thereby undermines the country's efforts to improve worker safety and health.

Employers, though, are not the only ones who favor retaining this inequitable system; the captains of organized labor repeatedly have sacrificed meaningful reform of workmen's comp for "bread-and-butter" issues. "What it all comes down to is that nobody wants these people," says a Labor Department official, referring to the one million workers severely disabled by job-related diseases and injuries. "They can't work. They aren't organized. They don't even pay union dues."

The Labor Department report, the first comprehensive survey of the employer-financed compensation system, reveals a program that has strayed far from its mandate of paying disabled workers two-thirds of their lost wages. A sampler from the study:

§ Of the estimated 650,000 victims of asbestosis, silicosis and other occupational diseases, only 5 percent receive workmen's comp because of the Catch-22 provisions in state laws. The few who do get benefits don't get much—an average of one-eighth of their lost income.

§ Insurance companies and lawyers are compensated almost as much as the program's intended beneficiaries. Of the \$13 billion paid into the program in 1978, about \$5.5 billion—or 42 cents of each dollar—was gobbled up in administrative and legal costs.

§ The government now spends billions of dollars a year aiding impoverished workers cast aside by the comp system. For example, at an annual cost of \$2.7 billion, Social Security's disability insurance program and the welfare system support about five times as many severely disabled workers as does workmen's compensation. Despite such aid, many casualties of the workplace—280,000, according to Labor Department estimates—are without any form of financial assistance. A high proportion of the 280,000 are women and minorities.

§ The number of people crippled by occupational diseases will increase markedly. In the next ten years 500,000 workers are expected to die from asbestos-related diseases. In addition, 85,000 will be disabled by brown lung caused by exposure to cotton dust and 29,000 from silicosis, a lung disorder caused by silica particles. Very few will get comp benefits under the present system.

What makes these findings particularly bitter is that workmen's comp was given birth by Progressive Era reformers who saw the system as a great step forward for the laboring classes. Many reform groups were appalled by the legal system's bias in favor of employers, which made it virtually impossible for injured workers to win negligence suits. Beginning in 1907, the reformers embraced a form of "no-fault" insurance touted by the National Civil Federation, a good-government group whose ideology combined a deep suspicion of government with a longing for unfettered free enterprise. The federation's plan called for private underwriters

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to sell insurance to companies and parcel out benefits to workers under the loose supervision of a state board. By dangling the prospect of low insurance rates to businesses with good safety records, the reformers hoped to achieve an old and tantalizing objective—"to mesh harmoniously individual enlightened self-interest and the general welfare," as Herman Somers and Anne Somers noted in their book on the compensation program. At the federation's prodding, state legislatures began enacting compensation laws after 1913. Each law contained three provisions. First, a worker no longer could sue his employer for negligence; all claims had to go through the comp system. Second, the insurer could contest any permanent disability claim before paying compensation. Third, a worker whose claim was contested bore the burden of proving his case in a legal hearing before an examiner.

Taken together, the provisions subtly shifted the no-fault principle into no-fault for one side only: the employer was protected from negligence suits but the worker faced the possibility of a protracted legal dispute. To win a case, the claimant was dependent on his boss's benevolence and willingness to supply data. In a nonunion shop, a worker knew he probably would be fired if he filed a claim. Even with the protection of a union, how could a man prove that his illness was caused by chemicals which his employer was required neither to monitor nor disclose?

The program was rapidly molded to industry's liking. As far back as the 1920s, for instance, silicosis, pneumoconiosis (black lung) and several other diseases were medically linked to certain occupations. At the behest of industry, state legislatures responded to this medical evidence by passing amendments which typically "recognized" such diseases at the same time that they precluded awards to their victims. To cite one of many examples: by requiring that a disabling condition had to occur within two years of exposure to a hazardous substance before compensation would be paid, the law effectively barred awards for silicosis, black lung and other diseases which have latency periods of ten to thirty years.

What has emerged, then, from seven decades of workmen's comp, is a vast protection system for industry, one in which the enlightened self-interests of insurers and businessmen, lawyers and doctors have meshed into a finely calibrated machine that rejects those most damaged by the workplace. The statistics compiled by the Labor Department study are instructive. Not only are workers with occupational diseases deprived of benefits but only 15 percent of the estimated 410,000 workers severely disabled by injuries receive long-term compensation. Of the injured workers who do get benefits, the average award for a man totally disabled for life is 30 percent of his lost wages—or less than half the amount specified by state laws.

The system's structure preordains this outcome by making it very easy for the insurer to pursue his economic interests. First of all, the insurer has the right to contest any claim. Accorded such a privilege, the insurer does what any businessman would do: he contests severe-disability claims (i.e., expensive claims) ten times more frequently than claims for minor or temporary injuries, according to the Labor Department. A contested claim sets off a series of procedures that further help the insurer. In a contested disease case, for example, the claimant is required to present indisputable evidence that his sickness was directly caused by a workplace condition. That's next to impossible given the thicket of legal restrictions like those on silicosis and black lung. On the other hand, a major injury claim is often delayed for months because of hearing backlogs. Here an insurer's usual strategy is to seek a private settlement with the jobless, increasingly desperate worker. In a typical "compromise and release" settlement, a disabled worker garners, say, \$15,000 in return for signing away his future rights against the insurer. Thus, thanks to the way the system is structured, a carrier is freed from the law's burdensome requirement that he pay a severely disabled worker lifelong "income maintenance" equivalent to two-thirds of lost wages.

Contesting a claim not only suits the self-interests of the insurer and employer, it is the source of business for lawyers and doctors who specialize in comp work. In this parody of



DRAWINGS BY SIGNE WILKINSON

no-fault insurance, lawyers are everywhere; while defense lawyers spar with the seriously sick to reduce an insurer's liability, claimant lawyers make minor injuries into major cases to secure higher fees. The worker who needs help the most is the worker whom comp attorneys are least likely to serve: the economic incentives are elsewhere. Another peculiarity of the system has proved very profitable to doctors. Instead of making disability awards on the basis of the income an employee has lost, workmen's comp bases benefits on ratings made by doctors. Thus, a man who suffers a back injury is compensated at the rate set for a functional impairment of the back, not for income he will lose because of it.

This leads to some of the more flagrant abuses in the system. One is the practice of "doctor shopping"—procuring disability ratings as high or as low as each side's self-interest dictates. Doctor shopping not only results in shoddy and often unnecessary examinations but examinations of a certain type. Doctors are encouraged to concentrate on volume, to handle cases that are easily diagnosed and rated, and to shy away from complex, time-consuming claims, such as those involving occupational diseases.

None of the bills before Congress address these structural problems. The best bill, introduced by Representative Edward Beard, a Rhode Island Democrat, would put occupational disease claims on an equal footing with injury claims by eliminating the arbitrary, unrealistic standards which now prevent awards for job-related diseases. The bill also calls for the Secretary of Labor to establish presumptions in the law. Under this feature, certain diseases shown by medical studies to affect workers in specific occupations would be presumed to be job-related. While laudable in concept, these provisions may well boomerang in practice, spurring insurers to fight disease claims all the more vigorously. "The incentive for industry would still be to contest the cases," notes Howard Vincent, head of the Labor Department study. "Our work has found that in the few states where there are some presumptions, they have not been applied very successfully."

The Beard bill represents the sum total of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s thinking so far on the comp issue (A.F.L.-C.I.O. aides helped write the bill). For years now most labor chieftains have played along with the comp system, lending it a gloss of union-management unity, in return for minor breaks: a rise in benefit levels here, patronage posts on a comp board there. Despite widespread publicity about occupational diseases in the past decade, organized labor has consistently placed reform of workmen's comp on the "back burner" of its legislative priorities. This year, spokesmen insist, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is really going to push for the Beard bill. But without support from even the Carter Administration, the bill is given next to no chance of passage. "If you can't pass a good bill, should you pass half a loaf? That's what we're thinking about now," says Jack Sheehan, a lobbyist for the United Steelworkers.

While the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ponders this problem, the business community has solidly massed itself against any Feder-

ally mandated changes in the system. The American Insurance Association, which in 1975 endorsed Federal minimum standards for state compensation programs, now expresses horror at such a possibility. So do the Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, Alliance of American Insurers and other major lobbying groups, which have begun a concerted drive to roll back the minor reforms legislated by many states in the early 1970s. The expressed concerns of industry revolve around alleged worker abuses of the system. Substantiation of these charges consists of allusions to the unremarkable fact that comp premiums have risen in recent years (what is noteworthy about comp is that its costs, after deducting for inflation, have remained so stable and small over the last forty years, averaging less than 1.5 percent of an employer's payroll).

Meanwhile, the asbestos industry is quietly making an end run for the Federal treasury. It has engineered a bill that would set up a fund—to be financed largely by the taxpayer—to aid workers with asbestos-related diseases and thereby shield itself from the threat of millions of dollars in punitive damages. Under the law, a worker can file a third-party liability suit against a manufacturer of equipment or products which caused his disability; more than 3,000 insulation workers have done just that, charging that they were not properly warned of the dangers of asbestos. The suits already have yielded company documents that indicate the industry suppressed evidence of asbestos's deadliness from the 1930s through the 1950s. The proposed legislation would put a stop to these suits.

The bill's sponsor is Representative Millicent Fenwick, a Republican who represents a district in New Jersey that contains the largest asbestos factory in the world, owned by the country's biggest asbestos manufacturer, Johns-Manville. Aides to Fenwick deny that she is trying to bail out Johns-Manville, although they acknowledge that the company strongly favors the bill. Fenwick's real concern, says her press spokesman, "is helping workers who are hurting." Similar special-aid measures are in the works on Capitol Hill—an ominous sign given Congress's past performance in this area. A black-lung compensation bill, enacted in 1969, was going to make coal companies share the costs of supporting miners disabled by black lung. More than seven billion public dollars later, coal operators have escaped most of their assigned costs by lobbying subsequent amendments through Congress.

The \$1-billion-a-year price of the black lung program should be added to the \$2.7 billion sum annually kicked in by the Social Security disability insurance program and the welfare system. The Veterans Administration also funnels a large but undetermined amount of money to disabled workers, according to the Federal study. In all, public expenditures almost equal the \$5.5 billion in comp premiums that did not go to workers in 1978 but instead were consumed by insurers and lawyers. The wastefulness of this system contrasts markedly with Social Security's disability insurance system, where 95 cents of each dollar goes into benefits.

A similar program in which industry would pay into a Government-run comp fund (with perhaps a "hazardous

industry tax" assessed against companies with high occupational disease rates) is an obvious solution to the present mess. Many European and other industrial countries that have developed such programs provide benefits to considerably more victims of the workplace. In Sweden, according to the Labor Department, workers with disabling occupational diseases are awarded compensation eleven times more frequently than in the United States; in Ontario, Canada, the rate is 4.5 times higher.

Properly designed and administered, a publicly operated program would have another major advantage: it could be coordinated with the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. Workmen's comp now undermines OSHA by encouraging industry to cover up the conditions and chemicals that slowly, quietly, maim and kill employees. □

BUSING FOR SICK PEOPLE

The Inner-City Hospital Battle

MARGARET GENTRY

When Rosa Delgado went into labor for her first child—and her second and third—she walked twelve blocks from her home to the Robert B. Green Hospital in San Antonio's inner city. There was no other way. She and her husband had no car, nor did their neighbors. And there was no money, certainly not \$35 for an ambulance, not even small change for bus fare.

She found a ride to the hospital to have her fourth child, but it was a desperate race. "By the time I walked inside the entrance to the hospital, my baby was beginning to deliver and his head was coming out. I became hysterical. . . ." If she had been forced to travel another fourteen miles to Bexar County Hospital in the northwest suburbs, Mrs. Delgado says, "I would definitely have had my baby in the automobile on the way."

San Antonio's poor now face the very real prospect of delivering their babies in cars, on buses and even on street corners because county authorities are trying to close Green Hospital's obstetrics unit and move it to the suburban facility. More than 6,000 babies are born at Green every year, most of them to women of the inner city and southside Hispanic and black communities. Like Mrs. Delgado, many find it enormously difficult to reach even Green and virtually impossible to get to Bexar County.

The San Antonio situation, while threatening the most devastating consequences for the poor, is only one case of many in an alarming and fast-growing national movement to close the urban hospitals that serve impoverished black

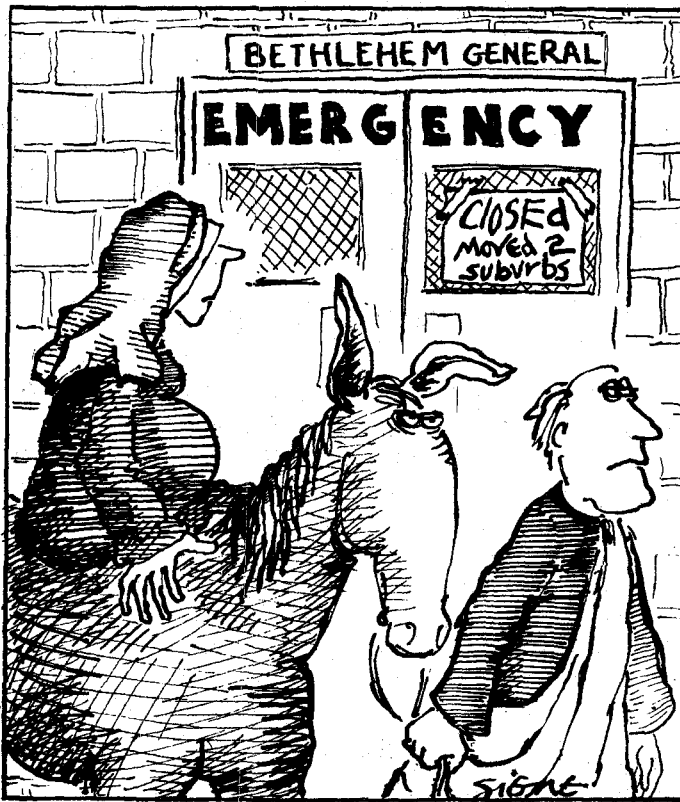
and Hispanic communities. *The Journal of the American Hospital Association* reports that "more than 200 hospitals closed in the United States between 1975 and 1977 and the trend is not slackening." Beth Lief, an attorney with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, says the "pattern in the past few years shows that hospitals in minority areas are the ones closed, and we're getting more complaints of that now than four years ago." The inner-city poor, of course, are least able to cope with the additional burdens of traveling to more distant hospitals and they are most likely to need hospital care.

Fed by Proposition 13, the nation's budget-cutting fever has hit hospitals hard—and justifiably so because many are poorly managed and inefficient and their costs have soared. But local medical and political establishments too often are choosing to appease their more politically powerful middle-class constituents at the expense of poor people. Now, however, the poor are starting to fight back in the courts and on the streets. With important help from legal aid attorneys and limited support from the Justice Department and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, inner-city residents are campaigning to save some hospitals targeted for closure. Their efforts have produced lawsuits, compromises and one astonishing triumph in a city more accustomed to defeat and decay—East St. Louis, Illinois. Nationwide, the fight is just beginning, and the stakes are high for people like Rosa Delgado.

The San Antonio situation presented all the elements for a crucial test case, and the Justice Department and legal services attorneys brought a joint suit to block the transfer of obstetrics—the last remaining inpatient unit—from Green Hospital to the suburban facility. The weapon in San Antonio, and in similar suits spurred by legal aid attorneys in Wilmington, Delaware, and Gary, Indiana, is the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which prohibits racial discrimination by any institution receiving Federal funds and thus covers most of the nation's 7,000 hospitals. Civil rights attorneys argue that depriving an inner-city minority community of the only hospital it can reasonably depend upon amounts to illegal discrimination on the basis of race. They banked on the San Antonio suit to produce the first Federal court decision establishing that precedent. But on February 11, after a three-week trial, U.S. District Judge Adrian Spears issued a sweeping rejection of the civil rights argument. (The lawyers handling the suit are considering an appeal.)

San Antonio hospital authorities have a long history of ignoring the needs of the city's poor, and they employed particularly sneaky tactics in adopting the latest plan. The pattern traces to the 1950s, when local officials decided they wanted a state university medical school. The Texas legislature approved funds for it on the condition that the county build a teaching hospital nearby. The medical school and Bexar County Hospital were built at the suburban site chosen by university regents. Inner-city residents feared even then that the decision would mean the death of Green Hospital, but county officials gave firm public assurances that Green would continue to operate as an inpatient facility. The promises were quickly broken. When Bexar County

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Hospital opened in 1968, all inpatient services except obstetrics were transferred there and the emergency room was moved a year later. In 1976, county commissioners and hospital authorities voted to move obstetrics and convert Green to an outpatient clinic. When the required public hearing was held in Austin, no one testified against the plan, and no one from the Green Hospital service area testified at all. This was not surprising, since the only public notice of the hearing was forty-seven lines of small type in the classified sections of two San Antonio newspapers. As Justice Department attorneys put it, "The only mention of Robert Green Hospital in the whole notice is buried on line 25" and that referred only to the "transfer of 62 OB beds. . . ." Even the most astute reader would have been hard put to interpret the notice as a plan to close Green's obstetrics unit.

Although the lawsuit has delayed the obstetrics transfer, nothing seems likely to save San Antonio's poor from the continuing burdens of traveling to Bexar County for practically every other serious medical condition. In sworn affidavits, many have described those difficulties. Elia Martinez, for example: "I have missed three recent appointments at the Bexar County Hospital to have a brain scan for a brain tumor because I have no way to get there except by bus and it takes too long and I must be home to meet my children when they return from school." And Mary Rocha: "When I was hospitalized at Bexar County for surgery, none of my family was able to visit me because there was no available car. . . . I felt very alone and far away. . . ." And Delfina Gonzales: "Two of my children have been hospitalized at Bexar County, each for one week. Each time I had to stay at the hospital since transportation and my inability to speak English made it very difficult for me to travel back and forth between the hospital and home. I slept either in a chair

or underneath my children's beds during the time they were confined."

In San Antonio, New York, St. Louis and other cities, authorities argue that because of a bed surplus in their metropolitan areas, some hospitals are half-empty and should be closed or merged in the name of efficiency and cost control. The surplus is real; it is a devastating drain on hospital budgets and it is often most pronounced at inner-city hospitals.

Many urban hospitals have lost privately insured middle-class patients to the newer suburban hospitals built with Federal Hill-Burton grants and loans in the 1950s and 1960s. This left inner-city hospitals with a growing proportion of poor patients. Although Medicaid, beginning in 1966, met some of the costs, many of the poor were never eligible for its benefits; others were illegal aliens who hesitate to apply for fear of being deported. The Coalition of American Public Employees estimates that 40 million Americans have little or no private insurance and cannot qualify for Medicaid. The system of private insurance for the middle class and limited government insurance for the very poor leaves millions unable to pay for the treatment they receive in inner-city hospitals. The hospitals, in turn, cannot meet their costs. The A.H.A.'s *Journal* survey showed that 26.8 percent of the hospitals that closed did so for financial reasons, including bankruptcy; others closed because of low occupancy or other situations that could have led to bankruptcy if allowed to continue.

The financial crisis surfaced most recently at Chicago's Cook County Hospital, the third largest municipal hospital in the nation. The 1,400-bed facility is running a deficit, which some sources estimate at \$60 million and others put closer to \$100 million. The debts have mounted largely because 41 percent of the hospital patients fall into that category of working poor who earn too little to pay the bills but too much to qualify for Medicaid.

The county board of commissioners must reach some decisions about the hospital's future in the course of producing the upcoming budget. Board president George Dunne talks of trimming administrative costs and promises no reduction in beds and medical services. But public interest lawyers in Chicago are nevertheless wary and fear that the board, sooner or later, will slice away at the quantity and quality of services offered at Cook County. The patient load is more than 90 percent black, and "racism is unmistakably a factor in county budget decisions," says a lawyer familiar with the situation. The occupancy of Cook County has been fairly high but now seems to be waning because of uncertainty about the future. A serious bed surplus would only compound the financial problems.

In general, the bed surplus plaguing the hospital industry is a product of poor planning and overbuilding in the 1950s and 1960s and changing medical practices, which emphasized outpatient care over hospitalization in the 1970s. The surplus is clearly wasteful and must be eliminated, but closing the inner-city hospitals deprives the poor of medical care unless they travel great distances.

Authorities argue, however, that they can better serve the

poor by converting the cramped old urban hospitals to outpatient clinics and, in some cases, by providing free minibus service between the clinics and the suburban hospitals. San Antonio, for instance, runs an eleven-passenger minibus between the two hospitals hourly from 6 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. After that, there's only one run at 2 A.M., not very accommodating for mothers who go into labor at 3 A.M. As with education, it is usually poor inner-city minorities who get bused to the suburbs while well-to-do suburban whites rarely are bused to the inner city.

Marilyn Rose and other attorneys with the Center for Law and Social Policy in Washington are using the argument of discriminatory busing in their suit to block a Wilmington relocation plan, a decision on which is due shortly. Authorities want to move 800 of the 1,050 beds at the downtown Wilmington Medical Center to a proposed new hospital more than eight miles away in the southwest suburbs. H.E.W.'s Office of Civil Rights entered that case and forced some concessions from hospital authorities. But Rose felt the changes didn't go far enough and some H.E.W. lawyers privately agreed.

The San Antonio and Wilmington cases and a battle in St. Louis point up the weakness of the Civil Rights Act as the weapon to keep inner-city hospitals open. Discrimination against racial minorities is illegal; discrimination against the poor is not. In Wilmington, the settlement H.E.W. accepted included a shuttle-bus plan and an agreement to leave some services exclusively at the downtown hospital to guarantee continued use by some white patients. H.E.W. officials felt they had to accept the settlement as legal under the Civil Rights Act, but they "never believed it was good health planning or generally advantageous," said a Government attorney who requested anonymity.

The civil rights argument appears even weaker in St. Louis, where black demonstrators greeted Jimmy Carter when he stepped off the *Delta Queen* last August with appeals to save Homer G. Phillips Hospital on the city's north side. Despite the demonstration, Mayor James Conway proceeded to have Phillips converted to an outpatient clinic and nursing home and transferred its inpatient facilities to Max G. Starkloff Hospital on the south side. Legal aid attorneys are frustrated because the high proportion of black patients at Starkloff—60 percent—weakened the racial discrimination argument.

Homer Phillips was a black lawyer—some St. Louis black leaders call him "an early Martin Luther King"—who fought for the city to build a hospital for blacks. He won, but was ambushed and slain before the north-side hospital bearing his name was opened in 1937. In an era when few hospitals would admit black medical students, Phillips became a training school for thousands of black doctors and nurses. Integration eliminated that function, but the hospital remained a symbol of black pride and achievement. It had practical importance, too, in that it was the only full-service hospital serving the predominantly black and poor north side. Phillips supporters say many north-siders find it difficult to get to Starkloff on the south side.

Mayor Conway, who is white, says he recognizes "the legacy of that hospital, and it is not to be taken lightly." But, he says, "no city can afford to run two inefficient, half-filled hospitals," and the occupancy rate at both facilities has fallen below acceptable levels. Conway's economic arguments make sense, and his critics' charges of racial bias may be tied more to the city's long history of segregation than to the demographics of St. Louis today. Although the south side was once largely white and prosperous, it is becoming increasingly black and poor. Starkloff does, indeed, lie south of U.S. 40, but not by much and the transportation difficulties cause less hardship to north-siders than for the inner-city victims of some other hospital relocation plans, such as those in San Antonio.

Across the Mississippi River in virtually all-black East St. Louis, dedicated community leadership and the threat of a civil rights suit saved Christian Welfare Hospital when its operators sought to abandon it after building a new hospital—squatting next to a cornfield—to serve a prosperous and largely white rural community. East St. Louis suffers every conceivable urban ailment: its jobs, its money and many of its brightest young minds have fled. The newspaper has folded and previous city administrations have reeked of corruption. That's why the taste of success, however tenuous it may be, proved so sweet.

When the threat of losing Christian Welfare surfaced, legal aid attorney Lois Wood summoned Sanford Newman, a lawyer with Marilyn Rose at the Washington public interest law center. Together, they mapped legal strategy while Dr. Lloyd C. Thompson rallied his colleagues on the Christian Welfare medical staff. Ministers and union leaders took up the cause. The plan was to buy time while Thompson organized twenty-six doctors to pledge \$10,000 each and form a working group capable of taking control of the hospital as a community-run institution. It worked.

To escape the lawsuit, the Christian Welfare corporation accepted the deal and paid the community group \$300,000 to compensate for past neglect. With Thompson as board chairman, the community corporation took over on May 14, 1979. But the hospital is losing \$30,000 a month, and Dr. Thompson is discovering the challenge of trying to run a financially viable facility in a community too long on a downhill slide.

Grass-roots cohesiveness and imaginative lawyering saved the East St. Louis hospital—at least temporarily—and could save other urban hospitals facing financial difficulties and the threat of closure. Other inner-city hospitals have found their own prescriptions for survival and continued service to the poor. In Chicago, for example, three hospitals—Mount Sinai, St. Elizabeth's and St. Anne's—made administrative changes to improve efficiency and launched innovative services and community outreach programs to win trust and support from the poor. Yet those are exceptional cases, bespeaking the commitments of exceptional administrators.

As a government civil rights lawyer put it, "These urban health success stories are rare. There are plenty of people who will tell you that the inner-city residents and hospitals which serve them are in for hard times indeed." □

■ 'PRO-CONSUMER' BUSINESSES

Corporate 'Good Guys'

MARK GREEN

We are all, of course, familiar with corporate lobbying that pursues profit at any price—even if it means arguing for flammable pajamas for babies and private tax laws for one favorite firm. And we are also aware of corporate benevolence in the areas of local charities, symphonies, minority affairs and public television sponsorship. But we would not expect corporate civic-mindedness to extend to supporting legislation designed to benefit the consumer.

Yet there are a number of instances of businesses doing just that. From interviews with leading consumer and labor lobbyists I have learned of at least six cases where some, and occasionally many, large companies took a pro-consumer position. A closer look at these examples illuminates when and why businesses will go beyond the profit-maximization ethic and engage in publicly responsible behavior—or at least acts of enlightened self-interest.

A good example is a bill that attracted the most contentious consumer-versus-business lobbying in the past few years. This bill would have created a \$15 million, nonregulatory consumer protection agency, known as the Office of Consumer Representation, to advocate consumer interests before Federal agencies and courts. The vast majority of the business community regarded the bill about as favorably as the oil companies did the excess profits tax. Yet more than 100 business firms did come out in support of a consumer protection agency, including such firms as King Supermarkets, Atlantic Richfield (Arco), Cummins Engine of Indiana, Levi Strauss, MCA and Bantam Books. A disproportionate number of the firms were retailers or name brands who sold directly to consumers. Their motives were mixed—partly to generate a good image to the consumers they had to deal with every day, partly to deter abusive business practices which sullied the entire business community and partly out of an instinct for good government.

One of the group's leaders was Peter Jones, then general counsel at Levi Strauss and previously an executive at Montgomery Ward (he left after Mobil acquired Ward). Jones said:

[When I] joined Levi Strauss and Co., I went to Walter and

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Peter Haas, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Levi Strauss and Co., and discussed the history and pros and cons as to the merits of the bill. I also told them, if you decide to support this bill you will get some criticism from some members of the business community and no kudos from most of the others. But the Haas' just said, well, it won't be the first time and it won't deter us. It sounds like we should support it and therefore we will.

Jones got the go-ahead. He attributes this to the fact that the Haas brothers were very independent—intellectually and financially—and had a long history of social involvement. "I really am a believer in the key-man theory of corporate responsibility," he added. If one or two people at the top are indifferent or opposed, the institution will act indifferently or in opposition. But if the men at the top strongly favor pro-consumer measures, the institution will reflect that sentiment.

Some of the supporting companies gave more than nominal support. King Supermarkets, Giant Food and Dart Drug, for example, took out expensive full-page advertisements on its behalf; Cummins Engine called the wavering Congressman from its home district. Ultimately though, these firms and the coalition had only a negligible impact in Congress. While their corporate opponents were spending substantial time and money to defeat the bill, the pro-consumer firms gave little time and almost no money. The reasons appear to be twofold. Since no profits were likely to accrue to a supporting firm as a result of its advocacy, there was little incentive to expend company funds, and peer pressure from the overwhelming bulk of the business community cooled the ardor of the supporters.

The J.C. Penney Company, for example, had long expressed an interest in supporting the bill, if a few technical objections were met. Sponsors of the bill met these objections, but the firm ultimately backed away from support. When I asked Penney's chief executive, Donald Siebert, a few months after the bill's defeat, why he hadn't finally supported it, he spoke vaguely and unpersuasively about how late and inconsequential his firm's support would have been. But as another businessman, who was familiar with Siebert's role as a leading member of the Business Roundtable, put it: "There was just no way he was going to go against the Roundtable on this one."

Perhaps to compensate for its loss of nerve on the consumer protection agency, J.C. Penney has been the leading company in favor of "public participation funding." Under a bill introduced in the last Congress, small grants would go to citizen groups and small businesses to appear in Federal agency proceedings where they can make a contribution but could not otherwise afford to appear.

Initially, it was David Schoenfeld of J.C. Penney, previously with Consumers' Union, who got interested in the issue. "I came across the concept in the course of reviewing all bills and legislation. I'm a consumer advocate and I thought it was important for the consumer's interest to be heard. Business lobbies protect their own interest. But I want consumers to lobby to protect *their* interests." The J.C. Penney hierarchy agreed.

But the company's devotion to the bill may be tested in

the near future. Although several Federal agencies are in the process of instituting public participation programs, legislation that would have applied the approach governmentwide never passed the 95th Congress.

The bill has by now attracted big-business attention and hostility. A representative of the National Association of Manufacturers has said privately that his organization had no principled objection to the measure, but he would oppose it nonetheless. And some members of the Business Roundtable have decided to exploit the current political mood and attack public participation as "inflationary"—even though they must realize that only an economic illiterate could argue that a \$20 million program within a \$600 billion government could affect the rate of inflation. The point is that these two business lobbies simply don't like consumer advocates in agency proceedings they now dominate.

No-fault auto insurance—considered by the past two Congresses—had a more direct appeal to the economic interests of some firms. It promises to increase the speed and size of compensation claims by eliminating the cost of lawyers from the process, thus benefiting the consumer. But insurance companies, especially Allstate, State Farm, Aetna and Nationwide, have also been behind the concept because they anticipate lower costs and possibly lower premiums from the measure. They were joined by the American Insurance Association, Ford Motor Company, the Car and Truck Renting and Leasing Association, and the National Auto Dealers Association.

"They weren't doing it out of the goodness of their hearts," observed Sally Adams, the staff aide to the Senate Commerce Committee who worked on this legislation. "They were relieved to be in favor of what they saw to be a good piece of public policy, and they also saw it as good business. It looked like good P.R., and they would not lose money on it."

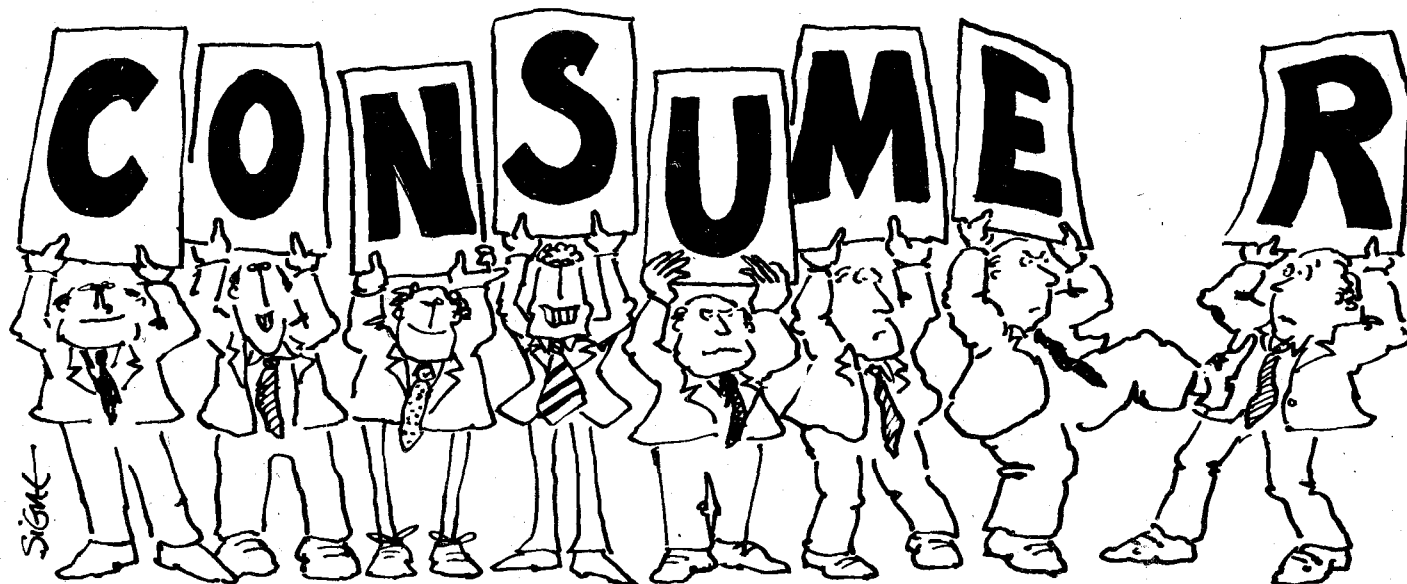
Airline deregulation is another area where a consumer bill had business support. A lobbying group known as the Ad Hoc Committee for Airline Regulatory Reform was an amalgam of consumer and business groups, including Sears

Roebuck, United Airlines, Pan Am and the National Association of Manufacturers. The Sears spokesman attributed his firm's actions to the "philosophy of competitive markets being the best allocator of resources and the favorable effects of low transportation costs in keeping prices down. It's a question of leadership, since other firms fear the slings and arrows of unfavorable public reaction. . . . Sears would not lobby for an issue which was not in its economic self-interest."

Sears's rationale touches closely the explanation given for the National Association of Manufacturers' participation by its lobbyist, Mary Jo Jacobi. "Almost all business travel is by air. The staff goes for business reasons and it saves them money both as businessmen and as consumers. . . . [And] the members [of N.A.M.] are fed up with economic government regulation. They feel that this will set a precedent for further deregulation."

United, the largest airline in the United States, "felt that earnings were poor under C.A.B. regulation, [and with] more freedom to adjust our own routes and fares, they would improve," according to company official Bob Williams. It took the firm two years to make its decision to break with the rest of the industry and support deregulation. As for the others, said Williams, "fear of the unknown was and is the main factor behind airline opposition to government deregulation."

Business can also oppose legislation beneficial to one industry, but harmful to others. The American merchant marine has been in decline for decades, losing traffic to less costly foreign carriers. But because of its historic political clout, underwritten by lavish campaign contributions, the merchant fleet has obtained hundreds of millions of dollars annually in direct and indirect Federal subsidies. In 1977, though, their reach for "cargo preference" somewhat exceeded their grasp. Cargo preference would have required that 9.5 percent of all imported oil travel in American ships, a move that could have added \$610 million annually to consumer prices, according to a Library of Congress study. Consumers don't like added costs, and neither do



businesses, who cannot always simply pass them on. So Common Cause, Public Citizen's Congress Watch, the United States Chamber of Commerce and oil companies all worked together against the labor-backed measure.

The interest of the oil firms was no mystery. As the director of Federal affairs at Getty put it, "It was in our economic self-interest. . . . Switching to U.S. flag ships would cost us money." Robert Hawk of the Chamber of Commerce cited two reasons for his board's decision to work against the bill: "It tends to raise prices for the consumer and it is essentially a protectionist act which might engender protectionism in other areas—such as shoes and grain." The Chamber sought to defeat cargo preference with some of the techniques honed in earlier consumer battles. As Hawk described it, "The Chamber of Commerce contacted members' offices, testified against the bill and met with Congressmen. The grass-root organizations [member companies] wrote in to their Congressmen. And we conducted an economic analysis of the state-by-state impact of the legislation on jobs and prices." The bill lost by nearly 100 votes.

The Chamber of Commerce also threw its support behind the Dispute Resolution Act, sponsored by Senators Edward Kennedy and Wendell Ford. This provides for a \$15 million Justice Department grant program to fund alternate ways of settling small economic and neighborhood disputes. The court system and its lawyers have become a luxury few can afford, especially for small disputes where the contested amount can be less than the attorney's fees.

Several Congressional staff people attributed the Chamber's strong support to its need to favor *some* piece of legislation labeled pro-consumer, especially after its costly and successful campaign to defeat the consumer protection agency. Whatever the motivation, the Chamber testified in favor of the concept and vigorously lobbied for the bill—but on one condition. It did insist on a provision that *required* grant recipients to permit business access to any dispute resolution mechanism. Unfortunately, eighteen states *prohibited* assignees or businesses generally from being plaintiffs in small claims courts. These prohibitions were imposed because of the widespread problem of companies using these courts as collection agencies and crowding out needy individuals. So the Chamber made a deal through its spokesman, Senator James McClure, the Idaho Republican, not to delay the bill to death at the end of the busy 95th Congress, as long as the business access rule was adopted. The bill's sponsors in the Senate acquiesced. (The bill, however, failed to pass the House's suspension calendar, which requires two-thirds approval.)

Several patterns emerge from this chronicle of pro-reform business activity. First, companies may lobby for "progressive" causes to the extent they promote, or at least are not inconsistent with, profits. With very few exceptions, companies will do good only if they can do well. Second, business can also be motivated to establish lowest-common-denominator standards to deter fraudulent behavior by their competitors. For example, Philip Knox, a vice-president at

Sears, explained that the reason his firm supported the Magnuson-Moss warranty legislation as "not so much because of the information it required we give consumers but because it prevented people who were competing with us from making false and misleading guarantees."

Third, a handful of companies do stand out as being genuinely public-spirited. Levi Strauss works diligently for consumer advocacy offices, devotes an unusual amount to philanthropy and seeks to help minority communities (though it recently settled a major price-fixing action brought by the Federal Government); J.C. Penney supports a major procedural reform, the public participation bill. One could argue that in-house people like Peter Jones or David Schoenfeld are largely responsible for such specific examples of benevolence. Their roles as catalysts may be important, but to credit them alone may be to confuse cause and effect. Peter Jones would argue that "cause" is a chief executive officer—such as Walter Haas or Donald Siebert—who wants his company to act more responsibly and therefore retains people like Jones or Schoenfeld.

Fourth, business peer pressure makes it extremely difficult for even independent-minded executives or companies to break out of the pack. When Arco, for example, came out against the oil depletion allowance (although they did couple it with decontrol of oil prices), Arco vice president Ralph Cox reports that "Suppliers hated us for doing it and many wouldn't do business with us."

So it is not entirely surprising that companies rarely lobby for consumer causes. For every J. Irwin Miller of Cummins Engine there are probably 100 Joe Coors of Coors Beer. We should, instead, look to a more modest set of goals for corporate responsibility. Two come to mind. The basic corporate social responsibility is to *obey the law*. This simple precept is often observed in the breach. But the legal costs and public notoriety of kepone to Allied Chemical, Pinto gas tanks to Ford, Firestone 500s to Firestone, chemical wastes to Hooker Chemical and foreign bribes to Lockheed are so great that many companies may see the light before they feel the heat. "As a result of the kepone case," says an editorial in *Fortune*, "Allied has downgraded profitability as a measure of a manager's performance and given greater weight to his regard for social and environmental responsibilities."

Companies should also be able to support economic competition. This is, after all, the predominant corporate ideology of free enterprise. Yet many firms instead surrender to the temptation to cartelize or monopolize of price-fix—or run to Washington for protectionist policies. As Walter Lippmann once put it, "Competition has survived only where men have been unable to abolish it." Only when the precepts of lawfulness and competition are established can the public reasonably expect corporations to support measures that *complement* the market on behalf of consumers. While numerous companies give to local concerts and charities, their benevolence only rarely extends to the actual manufacture or service in which they engage. So corporate good works in the public policy arena remain an aspiration, not an expectation. □

Déjà Vu

(Continued From Front Cover)

ous advice since they helped move 500,000 Americans into Vietnam in the 1960s. It is the Peter Principle run riot.

But one irony towers above all others. Although the United States suffered a historic defeat in Vietnam, although that conflict triggered social upheaval and an ongoing economic crisis here at home, although it became "the long dark night" of the American soul—despite all these disasters, Washington officials and pro-cold-war journalists congratulate one another as the nation reverts to the pre-Vietnam spirit. Carter presents plans to accelerate military spending at a rapid clip without any comprehensive plans for slowing down inflation, controlling fuel costs or providing equitable tax rates for the lower and middle classes. Unless one is Senator Sam Nunn, it is difficult to conclude that Carter's pre-Vietnam policies have any redeeming social value.

This irony is beginning to shade unsubtly into something more ominous. Using the pre-Vietnam spirit as a shield, Congress is now considering intelligence charter legislation that would allow Federal agents, authorized by secret warrants issued in a special court, to spy on and intercept the mail of Americans at home and abroad. Behind the same shield, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and other Senators propose to unleash the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other "components" of the Federal Government. Under the Moynihan proposals, the C.I.A. and other intelligence agencies will be exempt from Freedom of Information laws (see George Lardner Jr., "Moynihan Unleashes the C.I.A.," *The Nation*, February 16). The Moynihan proposals are receiving much publicity, as they should, but they seem also to be a red herring which will draw off the attention of those who believe in open and responsible government, while Senator Walter Huddleston's "charter" for the intelligence community becomes law with little debate. The Huddleston proposals, supported fully by the White House, are as retrogressive as the Moynihan bill, especially in sealing off records from public scrutiny. Journalists and historians will no longer be able to obtain information about intelligence activities, even if they are illegal. Carter has meanwhile issued executive orders that make it more difficult to obtain official records in the foreign policy area. It is as if Vietnam, Watergate, illegal C.I.A. and F.B.I. spying and the Imperial Presidency never happened. In an eagerness to use supposed lessons from the two-month Russian invasion of Afghanistan, twenty-five years of concrete lessons from the cold war have been ditched.

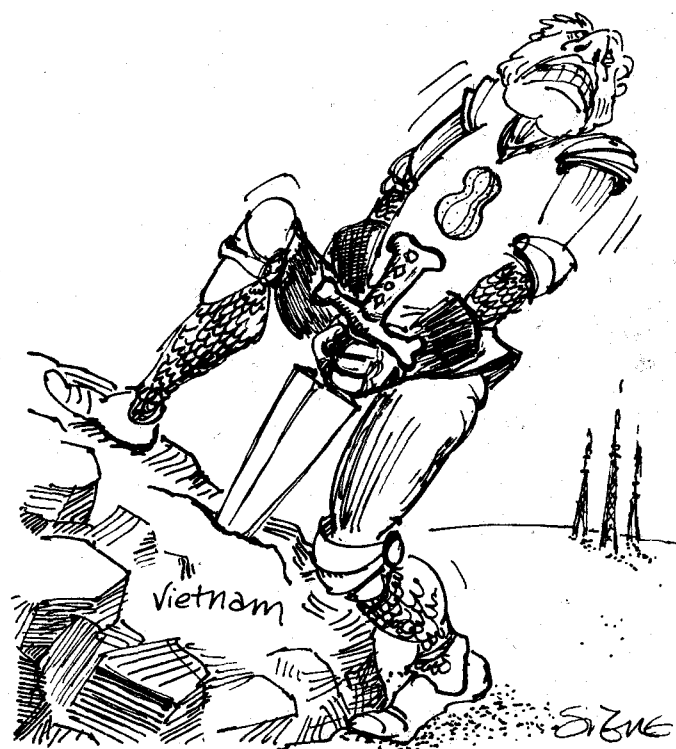
In one sense, the present situation is even less tolerable

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than that of the pre-Vietnam years. During the 1950s and early 1960s, most Americans at least believed that officials understood the nature of the international dangers and had formulated adequate responses. The threats seemed to be Russian- (or Chinese-) supported revolutionary movements in the newly emerging areas and Soviet ultimatums against West Berlin. The responses were to include strategic superiority, economic development in the Southern Hemisphere and the Green Berets.

In 1980 there are few signs that officials agree upon the "threat." No one has yet shown that the Russians intend to dominate the Persian Gulf area (however an area that encompasses about one-eighth the globe's surface is defined). There is less likelihood each day that the Soviet Union can even control main roads in Afghanistan. Nor do the proposed U.S. responses inspire confidence. Sending massive military aid to the Zia ul-Haq regime in Pakistan uncomfortably resembles delivering arms to Diem in 1961—only the State Department had not charged Diem with human-rights violations and with attempting to develop his own nuclear arsenal, as it has Zia.

When the President announces that the United States will, if necessary, use military force to defend the Persian Gulf, admits a week later that we cannot defend the area unilaterally with conventional forces, then has to acknowledge that neither the Saudis nor the West European allies are anxious to make the defense plans multilateral, it is possible to argue that three years after entering the White House, Carter remains confused on the most serious issues. All that survive of his pledge to defend the Gulf are nuclear weapons, the fleet and the new, widely publicized Rapid Deployment Force of 110,000 troops, a force that seems to be an expanded corps of Green Berets. (See Michael T. Klare, "Have R.D.F., Will Travel," *The Nation*, March 8.) The



fleet and the special force unfortunately made John Kennedy think he could defend South Vietnam. As for the nuclear arsenal, Kennedy enjoyed clear superiority, but that edge is gone forever.

Regardless of how the Carter Administration has juggled words and figures, it has not been able to find a total force that in the foreseeable future can defend the Middle East without recourse to nuclear weapons. On the other hand, the President has had no difficulty with the political equation. The double shocks of Iran and Afghanistan, and the effectiveness with which the Administration has applied these shocks to the body politic, have once again made many Americans believers in the cold war. (See Alan Wolfe, "Carter's Afghan Security Blanket," *The Nation*, February 2.)

The electorate, however, has a notably short attention span in following foreign policy questions, especially when it can be easily distracted by an 18 percent inflation rate at home. Nor is its devotion to a given foreign policy deepened when the President cannot defend the logic of his own doctrines or when authoritative stories appear (as in *The New York Times* of February 16) demonstrating that Soviet officials—far from moving into Afghanistan as part of a larger Persian Gulf strategy—reluctantly acted out of intense fear and insecurity arising from a well-founded belief that they were threatened on one side by a hostile China and on two others by unpredictable Moslem revolutionaries who despise Communists. (See Jerry F. Hough, "Why the Russians Invaded," *The Nation*, March 1.)

These events define Carter's dilemma: he and Congressional cold warriors are summoning up the pre-Vietnam spirit, but it is becoming clear to much of the country that this spirit has no relevance to the 1980s. Carter consequently has two alternatives. Either he can retreat from his threats and change his assessment regarding the need for an upward spiraling of the military budget and a re-unleashed C.I.A., or he can continue to act on the contradictory policies he has enunciated during the past several months. Common sense and the President's own personal values would normally dictate taking the first alternative. But since this is 1980 and Carter has scored stunning political successes by following the second course, the situation is not normal.

Anti-Soviet policies have become the quick fix for the President's sagging political fortunes and enable him to appear as a strong leader. Like other quick fixes, however, the anti-Russian acts and pronouncements will have to be continually injected, or else the sagging could recur. For the present, Carter has no reason to step back publicly from his pre-Vietnam policies. If the Russians partially withdraw from Afghanistan, or show other signs of reasonableness, the President will claim a triumph for his toughness. The fix will have been reapplied.

The danger zone is consequently the eight months remaining before the November election. The source of potential threat is not a nuclear or conventional conflict. The real dangers are three other possible developments.

First, the Administration and cold-war Congressmen will

use the opportunity to propose massive military defense supplemental bills that will resemble the Kennedy arms spending measures in 1961. Those measures triggered a tragic nuclear buildup on both sides throughout the next decade. Carter's proposals threaten a similar result, as well as the trashing of SALT II. If SALT II is effectively destroyed, and arms-control experts already believe it is breathing its last, new weapons systems and unrestrained military planners will push us into a race with the Russians that will be qualitatively, as well as quantitatively, different from any in the past.

Second, an anti-détente consensus that develops during the Presidential campaign will provide both legitimacy and momentum for anti-Soviet policies in the post-1980 years. Kennedy's tough speeches in 1960, particularly on Cuban affairs, shaped his policies in 1961–62. Before the Iranian crisis, Carter might have had to take a more moderate foreign policy stance to survive the Democratic primaries. He could then have moved to the right when he faced the Republicans. But during the past three months, the President has already pre-empted the right, and he will not be able to move back without opening himself to Republican blasts from such foreign policy hawks as George Bush, Ronald Reagan and John Connally. Carter now appears natural and happy occupying a tough, right-wing position on the cold war. And the Democratic liberals, he can conclude, will have no alternative to his candidacy by November. Unless, therefore, Carter's pre-Vietnam policies are somehow reversed during the coming months, the political debates of the early 1980s could become as disastrous as those of the early 1960s.

Third, the current swing back to the pre-Vietnam era provides the impetus and Carter's cold-war rhetoric gives perfect cover for attempts by Moynihan and others to return C.I.A. and F.B.I. activities to the earlier period. Not much more thrust is actually required. Even before the recent foreign policy crises, the Carter record on declassification of secret material and access to Government documents was worse than Nixon's. Carter's Executive Order 12065 threatens a massive closing of records that Nixon's earlier orders opened.

For a President who campaigned on a platform calling for open government, lowered international tensions, calm and measured rhetoric and reduced military budgets, Carter's performance has been remarkable for its confusion and contradictions. Now that he is becoming more consistent, he is also becoming more dangerous.

In 1979 the President told *The Washington Post* that the most significant change in his reading habits since entering the White House has been a fresh interest in American history. He indicated that he has read more history since 1976 than he had during the first half-century of his life. One can only hope that Carter will closely study works on the pre-Vietnam years so the rest of us will not be condemned to repeat that particular past. And he might also examine Reinhold Niebuhr's *Irony of American History* so that he will understand that military power, especially when unrestrained by SALT treaties or public access to governmental records, can easily cross the line between irony and tragedy. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Planning in the 1980s

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

DECADE OF DECISION. *By Michael Harrington. Simon & Schuster. 352 pp. \$11.95.*

That valuable citizen Michael Harrington has somehow combined teaching political science at Queens College, leadership of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee and commitment to print of an unrelenting stream of articles, reviews, manifestoes and books of which this one is the ninth. The man's perseverance is as notable as his energy because American politics during his and my lifetime has been profoundly discouraging to all true believers in the possibility of American socialism. In 1976, six more or less socialist parties collected a pitiable one-quarter of 1 percent of the Presidential vote. Few of our citizens care to label themselves radical or, recently, even liberal. In Europe, parties of the left are populated by the wage earners who typically stay home in American elections. Certainly up to now the armies of the left in this country have remained unmobilized.

Worse still, contemporary economic adversity, instead of radicalizing those most damaged by it, seems actually to have strengthened the conservative impulses as much of the working class as of their financial betters. In Congress and the media, the popular cries are for deregulation, relaxation of environmental restrictions on business activity, tax incentives for investment and tax reductions for all. Senator Edward Kennedy, presumably the most liberal of the major Presidential contenders, has until recently been galloping toward a political center which itself seems to shift ever further to the right. On tax policy, Kennedy can be distinguished from Senator Russell Long only by the trained eye.

For his part, Harrington concedes that a possible outcome of our crisis of soar-

ing energy prices, persistent (and increasing) unemployment, sluggish growth in gross national product, and pervasive inflation, is a version of corporate planning. There is an alert, self-confident and intellectually sophisticated wing of the business establishment, here personified by Felix Rohatyn, which accepts national economic planning in its own interests and realistically expects to control the planning process. As Harrington acutely points out, New York City has been undergoing a trial run for corporate planning under the supervision of Rohatyn's invention, the Municipal Assistance Corporation, and its partner, the Financial Review Board. The fruits of this political adventure have included tax and zoning concessions to business, elimination of free tuition—a century-old tradition at the City University—and savage pressure upon social and medical services to the poor. Investors and municipal securities have been bailed out. The gains for ordinary New Yorkers are exceedingly difficult to identify.

Harrington's analysis of the planning wing of American business confirms my own suspicion that some very important politics are occurring within corporate board rooms and business luncheon clubs. Although the corporate planners almost surely have it right when they expect national economic planning to be executed by themselves or their agents rather than by unsound types like Michael Harrington and John Kenneth Galbraith, the majority of corporate leaders appear as militantly devoted as ever to free markets, a small role for government and intransigent distaste for planning, except within their own enterprises.

As might be expected, the corporate style of national planning emphasizes high profits, cooperative Presidents and Congresses and "responsible" unions. The Rohatyns are prepared to pay as a price for social stability the cost of a frugal set of social services and benefits. Harrington represents the interests, often at odds with corporate priorities, of blue- and white-collar workers, as well as those of his first constituency, the poor.

Even without the sort of national planning favored by the Rohatyns, business is the strongest of American interest groups, the source both of jobs for individuals and prosperity for their communities. As Harrington tells the tale, the responsibility for stagflation is truly corporate, the consequence of its investment and location policies and its resistance to national policies which might alleviate both inflation and unemployment.

The most eloquent pages of this volume are Harrington's bill of particulars in his indictment of the corporate sector—among other items: neglect of the older cities, favoritism to suburbs and Sunbelt, callous misuse of the environment, worker health and safety, and consumer interests in product reliability. But the central charges link inequality and unemployment. Drawing upon the research of the M.I.T. economist Lester Thurow and the record of West Germany and Sweden, Harrington argues that Americans have tolerated a great deal more inequality of income and even more of wealth than is required in order to promote investment and individual effort. By his telling, American extremes of wealth and destitution are ascribable to our heritage of racial, class and sexual prejudice and to the failure, under corporate influence, of Congresses and Presidents of either major party to pursue with genuine enthusiasm full-employment policies.

As Harrington reminds his readers, the pursuit of full employment is a frustrating activity. The Employment Act of 1946 was an unamusing parody of the 1945 Full Employment Bill sponsored by liberal Democrats in both houses of Congress. By the time Congressional conservatives had finished amending a measure which established Congressional and executive budgets and policies in aid of employment, all that was left was a meaningless aspiration for "maximum" employment and a charter for two talkative bodies, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress and the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

The dream of full employment has survived the experience since 1946 of repeated recession and persistent highly average rates of joblessness. Harrington

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himself fought hard for the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Bill, almost a replay of 1945-46 events, which Congress late in 1978 enacted in drastically weakened form. Some valuable pages in this volume explain why full employment is vital, a primary target for unions, women, minorities and young workers and a danger to be averted by the corporate sector and its allies. Blacks and women make their most striking gains when employers are compelled to bid against one another for scarce workers. Unions bargain from situations of strength when business booms and managers, eager to avoid costly strikes, agree to generous contract terms. Educational credentials are less necessary, promotions more readily attained and affirmative action programs less resisted by employers and their white, male employees when jobs and opportunities for advancement are plentiful.

By the same token, management has a quiet, usually unspoken preference for an economy that operates at moderate rates of unemployment. Instead of searching for scarce workers, personnel offices comfortably choose among eager applicants and demand college degrees for jobs, which in spells of full employment can be and are competently filled by high school graduates. Unions, worried about their jobs, settle for much smaller wage and benefit improvements and refrain from pressing inconvenient issues of worker control and plant safety. Sensible executives of course dislike high unemployment. Depression is bad for sales and profits. But 5 to 8 percent unemployment, it is not quite polite to say, promotes labor discipline, improves productivity and checks inflation.

In their obliging way, economists who, a decade or two ago, defined full employment as consistent with no more than the 3½ to 4 percent unemployment needed to cover men and women seasonally laid off, incapacitated by illness or accident, or in transit between jobs, now in the Newspeak of their profession raise this measure of fractional unemployment to 5½ or even 6 percent. Only half-facetiously, Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers during the Nixon-Ford era, has speculated that even 7 percent unemployment is consistent with full employment. Why not 8 or 9 percent?

In Harrington's tactical handbook,

full employment is the immediate issue capable of uniting unions, professional workers, minorities, women and intellectuals. If all goes well for the left, full employment as an issue will translate into the growing realization that its achievement requires public control of the corporate sector—the taming of private economic power. Harrington is eclectic about the means of control, a spectrum that covers stronger public regulation, devices like Senator Adlai Stevenson's yardstick, Federal Oil and Gas Corporation and partial or complete nationalization of vital industries like energy and important services such as health care.

If such analytical possibilities turn into actual political issues, it will be because a sufficiently large number of Americans gradually realize that they share a common interest in bending corporate power to desired social objectives. The prospect is more than utopian. Opposing the Rohatyns are union leaders sympathetic to the vision of a democratic socialism, like the Machinists' William Winpisinger, the Automobile Workers' Douglas Fraser and the State, County and Municipal Employees' Jerry Wurf and Victor Gotbaum. Ordinary Americans, moreover, are less conservative than the pollsters frequently assert. As a one-word label, most of the respondents to the queries of interviewers no doubt prefer conservative to liberal or radical, but, issue by issue, they betray a considerable yearning for government action and substantial distrust of the purity of business motives. Since 1973, most people have favored mandatory wage and price controls. Large minorities support public ownership of the energy industry. The voters favor comprehensive health care and, as Senator Barry Goldwater in his 1964 race for the Presidency discovered to his political cost, very few Americans wish to substitute private insurance for Social Security.

In the end, two criteria apply to a polemic like *Decade of Decision*. In the first place, how persuasive is its analysis? By this test, Harrington does extremely well. He has identified the likeliest possibilities for this decade—corporate planning or democratic socialism. But as Harrington is candid in saying, he is an advocate as well as an analyst. The second criterion applicable to his book, then, is how effective is the call to action here sounded? Harrington has convinced and mobilized me, but

then I was convinced and mobilized even before I read this volume. Presumably we must wait a few years to see how many of Harrington's fellow citizens actually are converted and then, still harder, inspired to lift themselves out of political apathy into effective organization. □

The Banality Of Fiction

J.D. O'HARA

FREDDY'S BOOK. By John Gardner. Alfred A. Knopf. 256 pp. \$10.

In *The Republic of Letters*, his cheerfully depressing survey of the rise and fall of some American critical movements, Grant Webster points out that such movements are often ended by the appearance of works of literature that they cannot explain. Allen Ginsberg, he suggests, brought both the New Criticism and the New York intellectuals to their knees with one inexplicable "Howl."

That was no mean feat. But John Gardner's strength is as the strength of ten, because his art is pure. (See his *On Moral Fiction* and the controversy over his use of others' work in his *Chaucer*.) His latest powerful novel may end criticism altogether. *Freddy's Book*—responsibility for it is heaped on the broad shoulders of a character—defies any explanation; no extant critical theory offers terms in which this novel can be praised.

Jack Winesap, a popular academic blowhard, visits the University of Wisconsin to give an enthusiastically received lecture, "The Psycho-politics of the Late Welsh Fairytale: Fee, Fie Foh—Revolution!" At a party afterward he meets Professor Agaard, who baas and barks and says, "I have a son who's a monster." Winesap visits the two of them the next day and is forced by weather to spend the night. After our excitement is sharpened by a tedious description of a "frightening" house and an improbable conversation larded with Agaard's meaningful twitches and tics, we trudge upstairs to meet Freddy, "a monstrous fat blushing baby of a

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youth" about 14 years old and eight feet tall, who makes delicate models of ships and dragons, speaks shyly in a musical voice and has written a book. That book, *King Gustav and the Devil*, he leaves later in Winesap's room. We have to read it. We never hear again of Winesap, the Agaards, Wisconsin or the twentieth century.

Now the notion of a physical monster who is superior in character to us ordinary five-foot worms has a long history even in English, from the jolly green giant of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* through such works as *Frankenstein* and H.G. Wells's *Food of the Gods* to the current *Elephant Man*. Like Gardner, though only in this respect, Mary Shelley withholds her monster from us for a long time while picturing him as horrible. When he finally arrives at the microphone, in chapter ten, *Frankenstein* greets him with curses and threats. Does the monster froth and gabble in reply? No. "I expected this reception," he says. "All men hate the wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things!" And he goes on to give a brilliantly warped and lucid account of his situation and his development.

Such eloquent monsters—the Green Knight is your reviewer's favorite—give us the gift to see ourselves as the others, the outsiders, see us. Precocious children perform the same function. By such means we are, as Steven Millhauser says, "shocked by distortion into the sudden perception of the forgotten strangeness of things." And Freddy's book?

Aware of these still-fertile traditions, though shaken a bit by the turgidity and banality of the opening section (a foil! it may be a foil to set off the jewel's brilliance!), Gardner's reader turns the page hopefully and begins to read about King Gustav and the Devil. What can the monastic Freddy say about the giants and dragons of our world? We meet lots of giants here—Gustav is seven feet tall, his buddy Lars-Goren is a foot taller and the Devil can be any size he wishes. But their size is irrelevant; in fact hardly anyone notices it, since everyone is tall in Sweden. Yes, Sweden: Gustav is Gustavus Vasa (1496–1560), the first of six Swedish kings by that name. Lars-Goren is vaguely the King's counselor, who gives no particular counsel, and the Devil is even more vaguely the Devil. There is

also a Bishop Brask.

And what happens? We hear that Gustav becomes King. Trudging through vacant lots of event and bogs of summary, we meet these people. "This knight [Lars-Goren] was not a fool or a superstitious oaf; on the contrary, he was a man of later middle-age. . . . He was equally well-known as a just ruler of the humble people who fell within his suzerain"; and this sloppiness in diction, this weakness of reasoning and this fondness for cliché set the tone. "The miners of Kopparberg soon joined the uprising, then all of Bergslag, then farmers and lumbermen from the areas surrounding; and since Kristian's government officials in Stockholm were too busy squabbling among themselves to come up with effective counter-measures, the rebellion gathered momentum. In April 1521 the rebels . . .," but enough; information is shoveled at us just as Freddy—or Gardner—had heaped it up. (Perhaps mindful of that fuss about the *Chaucer* sources, Gardner prefixes to this book a note acknowledging that "a key event" is taken from a Mark Helprin tale and that "numerous passages here are drawn, slightly altered, from other sources." No college student could get away with such fuzzy annotation.)

Well, the cat is out of the bag: Freddy is an industrious dullard and no writer. He can't tell a story interestingly or even credibly, having no sense of how people exist. He can't create a character in whom one can take any interest. He can't contrive a believable moral situation. (We have heard Lars-Goren characterized as "not a fool or a superstitious oaf" and as "a just ruler of the humble people." Later we hear that on his estate one morning he "dealt with small complaints and one slightly larger one, the request of some villagers that a certain old woman be burned for witchcraft, a charge they supported with positive proof." Surprise! Without another word, he burns her! We don't know why.) And Freddy can't comprehend the implications of his own story, much less contrive a lucid discussion of them.

But enough; one feels like a bully, being so harsh with a monstrous boy soon to explode in an apoplectic fit or crash to the floor with a heart attack. Jorge Luis Borges proposes in one of his *ficciones* the game of arbitrary authorship—ascribing, for instance, the *Imitation*

of Christ to Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Let us ascribe *King Gustav and the Devil* not to a wretched fictional freak but to an eminent literary figure, John Gardner.

The languages of fiction in our time have become wonderfully prismatic and precise, not only in such imaginative elegance as that displayed by Steven Millhauser in *Edwin Mullhouse* but in the adaptation of common speech to utilize its overtones. When Donald Barthelme writes: "As a flower moves toward the florist, women move toward men who are not good for them. Self-actualization is not to be achieved in terms of another person, but you don't know that, when you begin," we don't complain that the diction and viewpoint shift within the passage; in those varied tones we hear an idea being turned over and examined from different angles (all inadequate). When Don DeLillo arranges together—in *End Zone*, for instance—a dozen or more types of speech and language, we hear, literally, some of the novel's central themes. When one of Ann Beattie's minor characters sees a parakeet let loose outside

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and exclaims, "You can't release a pet into the wild," we don't wince at her stilted wording; we hear at once characterization, thematic statement and verbal comedy. And when—to add only one more—Céline bursts out in his elaborately orchestrated slang, we never mistake it for the writing of a man who can do no better. (Incidentally, the monstrous Ferdinand's Legend of King Krogold, in Céline's *Death on the Installment Plan*, is infinitely more successful than Freddy's sad work.)

Such uses of language we have come to expect and in fact to need; having learned to hear language so profitably, we can't now keep from listening, and the writer who cannot please us pains us. But we can't trust Gardner's writing to . . . well, to intend its inadequacies. Bishop Brask drops a French phrase, *de temps à temps*. It is unidiomatic. Are we to take it as evidence of Brask's ignorance, he who has read Dante? Or is Gardner signaling one of Freddy's limitations? Characters repeatedly "shoot" looks at others. We meet such spellings as "kerchieves" and "toadie." A corral is "so crowded there seemed no room for the horses to lie down"; a man's leg is called his "flank"; how should we understand all this? Or should we merely ignore these and all details, thinking with Horatio that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so'?"

Well, let's consider no details. This is a moral novel; that is, characters discuss at inordinate length moral ideas. But with no coherence whatsoever; one reels away from reading this as from a drunken evening with first-semester seminararians. At the risk of spoiling Freddy's spine-tingling tale, the ending must be revealed: Lars-Goren kills the Devil. Nothing changes, however, since the Devil is Nothing . . . an old theological notion. Anticlimactic but O.K., except that earlier on, the Devil thinks: "I repent me that I ever made man." This is also an old theological notion, but it is gnostic, not Christian, and incompatible with the first. Furthermore, the Devil has made the sensible semantic and logical point, "What's good, with no evil to judge it against?" Since evil continues in the world after the Devil's death, one wonders what Freddy or Gardner meant by his existence. Again, Brask equates ignorance with evil in a discussion with Lars-Goren, and a few pages later thinks that

Lars-Goren was not really evil in burning the witch because he was "a victim of chance and unreason." But these are mere instances; the presentation of moral, theological and philosophical issues throughout this novel can lead the attentive reader only to migraine and error.

But so what? After all, the discussion of Shakespeare in *Ulysses* is a farrago of errors; we read it for amusement, for its wit and for insight into the characters. Why then should we expect revelation from Freddy? It is revelation of Freddy that we seek, insight into this curious monster and his world. Ah, but we get none. That people over six feet tall can lead lives; that many people suffer and cause suffering; that such and such historical event occurred and that the idea of evil may be imaged as a protean Devil . . . there needs no monstrous Madisonian to tell us this. King Krogold's legend, an attempt at escapist fiction that becomes also a nightmare reflecting young Ferdinand's world, is intelligibly a story found and continued by Céline's unhappy boy. Freddy's story is not; it is merely a badly told story, partly a simplistic fictionalizing of an uninteresting bit of history and partly a moral dialogue that would send a chill up the spines of Plato, Dante, Erasmus and Thomas Mann . . . and yours, too.

One last, desperate attempt to account for *Freddy's Book*: there are, let's admit it, bad novels that are nevertheless valuable, interesting and not to be discarded. Kafka's, for instance. But that name is enough to discourage us from proceeding; Freddy is outweighed. We are at the end of our rope. The novel is unaccountable.

But who is this John Gardner that in the field of contemporary fiction is an eminent figure? He seems to be taken as one of the thinking man's novelists, a writer one reads pipe in mouth, reflectively, in an armchair, with a wise old dog at one's slippered feet.

Is it the blatant exhibitionism of his great themes? Is it the glaring presence of his daring fictional devices (which whole shoals of sci-fi writers manipulate with more skill)? Is it the undemanding leadenness of his prose? Brask has some petulant and moral things to say about certain artists: "their vision grows confused and complex. . . . Irony comes in. Paradox. Soon the only powerful emotion artists feel is nihilism." To this horror he op-

poses Lars-Goren's wisdom: "Your views are very clear, and even if they weren't, any sensible child could construct them." (Don't try to untangle that reasoning; he's trying to say that Lars-Goren's views are good and/because simple.) Is this a comfort, to have the terrible and intense complexity of fiction and life reduced to a child's views?

At the end the three main characters get to sum things up. Lars-Goren tries in a dream, but "now when he tried to think what it was that had dawned on him, the thought would not come clear." The Devil tries, for a while, but "there he lost his train of thought." And finally that neglected character Gustav gets a chance; "he had a vision which he scarcely understood." Whew! Narrow escape! (Horatio mops his brow.) But why is this writing eminent art? And all about us, at that dread question, critical systems founder in despair. □

Philosophical Range

SIDNEY MORGENBESSER

MEN OF IDEAS. Edited by Bryan Magee. The Viking Press. 314 pp. \$12.95.

For some philosophers, the university now is not a happy place. Jobs, especially tenured ones, are scarce, and many philosophers are forced to leave the field; that is, forced to take jobs that don't call for philosophical activity and which inhibit philosophical curiosity. Moreover, although universities and departments may try to be fair, decisions, especially about tenure, are not always reached in a just and sensitive manner. Young philosophers are often hurt and embittered; older ones can't help, and are morally embarrassed. And while it is not true, as some maintain, that the undergraduate generation is a "me" one, it is, I think, a sad one; undergraduates are not, at least in most places, brimming over with intellectual vitality.

Turning to equally pleasant matters, one may note that many philosophers are not sanguine about the state of the

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field. They worry that philosophy is becoming overspecialized; that philosophers are talking to, rather than with, one another, and that many are not interested in or competent to judge the work of their colleagues. Philosophy is becoming a congerie of specialties, rather than a unified and enlightened discipline.

Nevertheless, I think it is fair to say that the recent past has been a vigorous and relatively honest one. There is much good work by careful philosophers which contributes to our understanding of the arts, to the understanding and clarification of political and social issues and to the elaboration of traditional philosophical themes about the growth of knowledge. Philosophy as a discipline still ranges widely, even if many individual philosophers don't. But this has always been the case; it is an illusion generated by the bad text that every good philosopher, prior to the rise of analytical philosophy, was a Plato or a Kant. And, I may add, it is not only in the recent past that philosophy has become difficult; in a way, there is no philosopher harder than Aristotle.

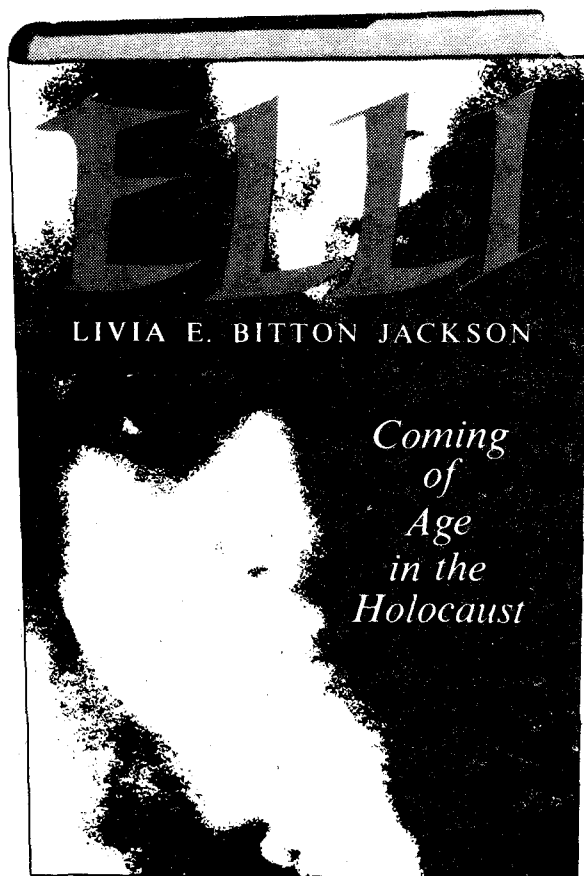
Many of the themes and theses that I have just adumbrated are reviewed, analyzed and illustrated in *Men of Ideas*, edited by Bryan Magee. The book consists of fifteen dialogues between Magee and leading American and British philosophers first presented over BBC Television. And though the book has understandably glaring omissions, it has admirable scope.

A.J. Ayer tells his version of the rise and demise of positivism in England; Bernard Williams, of the glories and eclipse—perhaps temporary—of linguistic philosophy as practiced at Oxford and Cambridge in the 1950s and 1960s; Anthony Quinton nicely surveys the philosophies of the early and later Wittgenstein; Isaiah Berlin and Iris Murdoch provide historical perspective on current trends which are well represented by Willard Quine, Noam Chomsky, Hilary Putnam, John Searle, Ronald Dworkin and R.M. Hare. Moreover, the book is not merely a display of establishment philosophy; there is an interview with Charles Taylor on Marxism, another with Herbert Marcuse on the Frankfurt school, and one with William Barrett on Heidegger. These three are not among the best in the collection. Taylor, who has written impressive essays on Marxism, offers some

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acute observations on Marxism both as a philosophy of liberation and as a theory of political and social life. But these themes are not adequately developed here because he is forced to spend too much time dealing with Magee's objections to Marxism on ideological as well as on philosophical grounds.

In his interview with Marcuse, Magee is more expansive than critical of the Frankfurt school and lauds their members for dealing with social and political issues ostensibly bypassed by American and British philosophers. The interview, though enlightening about Marcuse as a social critic, is too retrospective, leaving an impression of Marcuse as being of only historical interest. Little effort is made to relate his work to the recent important work of Habermas and others which bridges some of the gulfs between Continental, British and American philosophy.

Magee is also enthusiastic about Heidegger, whose work he finds full of insights about the human condition apparently unavailable to analytical philosophy. Naturally Barrett agrees with this perspective, but there are to my mind at least two problems with this interview. Although Magee decided it was appropriate to discuss Russell's politics in *Modern British Philosophy* (the

predecessor to this book) and though he has Chomsky's politics discussed in *Men of Ideas*, he does not raise any questions about Heidegger's political behavior during the Nazi period. Second, the Heidegger presented is a relatively tame one; he appears as yet another critic of Cartesian dualism and as a reasonable critic of exaggerated claims about the unlimited virtues of technology. The hard philosophical questions about Heidegger's work as metaphysics or meta-metaphysics are ignored.

America was less dominated in the 1970s than it was in the 1950s and 1960s by the work of the British philosophers Austin, Ryle and Wittgenstein. Why this shift? This question is raised and answered in a number of ways by a number of contributors to *Men of Ideas*. Bernard Williams suggests that linguistic philosophy in England did not seem to be guided by an adequate general theory of language and its uses; it seemed a less broad enterprise than those undertaken by the Americans Chomsky and Quine. A similar evaluation of the role of British contributions to moral and political philosophy is suggested by Dworkin. Isaiah Berlin and many others, Dworkin claims, all wrote well on political and social issues; but

their work was short on the construction of general theories, in this case general theories of justice. He contrasts this shortcoming with the work of the Americans John Rawls and Robert Nozick and then is eventually coaxed into discussing his own work. But Dworkin overstates the case. The American general theories of justice are reactions to piecemeal analytical philosophy. But they are more than this. They are also reactions to the overconcentration both in England and America on meta-ethics and, further, they challenge the once widely accepted social philosophy of utilitarianism.

Whatever the merits of these contrasts between different sorts of philosophers, British analytical philosophy was not without its general theses. Gilbert Ryle was systematic, at least about the mind and its powers. Indeed, it is a standard criticism of his work that he was trying to foist a general behavioristic theory of mind upon us, apparently as the only viable alternative to Cartesianism. Wittgenstein, too, was concerned with general theses although his case is more complex. In *Modern British Philosophy*, Quinton wrote:

One of the things that's most characteristic of Wittgenstein's account of the mind was his view that human actions, human decisions, human intentions, the whole area of man's life as an agent, his activities and the decisions and intentions that lead up to his activities, are incapable of being causally explained. The implication of this is that there couldn't be a science of human behaviour, that there could be no such thing, really, as psychology or sociology, as these are usually conceived by their practitioners.

Wittgenstein is here best understood not as defending a general theory but rather as trying to release us, as the saying goes, from the grips of a picture. Still, many took his work as a basis for the continuation of general noncausal accounts of human actions.

Indeed, in the 1950s and 1960s, many philosophers both in England and America were convinced by Wittgenstein on that point, and frequently criticized sociologists and psychologists for not realizing that causal naturalistic accounts of human actions were not appropriate ones. Here, then, may be a clue to the current weakening of the Wittgensteinian grip on the philosophical imagination, since it no longer seems evi-

BLUE HERON

At the lowest tides, in mudflat shallows,
you stall at the edge, and wait;
or try wading, a few inches deep, with strides
so leisurely and trancing
your slender jointed stilts are reeds, lolling
indolently,
their sway merging with the laziest interlacings
of invisible shore currents.

The air's pulse slows,
learns *caress*,
the soft frictions of encirclement.

Small winds, brushing your neck-feathers, slacken,
coax a few fine cilia to wave;
the slowest breathing ruffles the hair
of feathers—endures the lofty poise of another's chill.

A self on stilts, your long lines
are a triumph of refusals:
no feeder more quiet, none more elegant and poised.
You fish the low tide, fastidious, aristocratic.
Altitude is a keenness of eye, a stare
that trains the long light
to compact its blooms into vertical sightings.

Poise chastens the arrogance of horizontal beaks.
Erectness lengthens the slender poles of being.

Laurence Lieberman

dent to many philosophers that causal explanations of actions are out of place, or that there is an important distinction between scientific and philosophical studies of language. On this, Quine and Chomsky are at one, despite the many obvious differences between them. And once we admit the interplay between scientific and philosophical work, the road to the construction of general theories, even perhaps metaphysical ones, seems open. But it would be silly to claim that Chomsky and Quine are best understood as responses to Wittgenstein. Chomsky's work both challenges and is continuous with the work of American linguists, especially the work of Zellig Harris. Quine is best understood as having developed his view in opposition to, if not in dialogue with, Carnap.

It may seem strange to hear of analytical philosophers who seek systems, even metaphysical ones. But the apparent strangeness disappears if metaphysics is understood as a quest for a general view about what there is, or as an attempt to depict the general traits of existence. There have been philosophers who have argued that it is the job of the scientist, not the philosopher, to tell us what the world is really like, and they have concluded that philosophy's only task is to analyze either the concepts or the theories of the sciences. But one may accept the premise without accepting the conclusion. One may attempt, as philosophers as diverse as Russell, Nagel and Quine have done, to offer general naturalistic views of the world, based primarily on the results of science, but it is also an unending philosophical task to try to depict the conceptual and empirical connection between *what* and *how* we know, not merely to depict what science tells us we know.

I am alluding to difficult issues. Analytical philosophers have often presented themselves as rebels against the past, as philosophers who begin afresh and employ new techniques to deal with new problems. But the fact is that many analytic philosophers have a great deal of respect and admiration for the past gods, e.g. Aristotle and Kant; and they also see their work as continuous with these forebears, not only in subject matter but in method. These and other difficult themes are illuminated in Hilary Putnam's article.

The impression generated by many contributors to *Men of Ideas* is that this

period in American and British philosophy, though marked by the absence of warring factions, is distinguished by debates over the tenability of general theories—of ethics, of language, of knowledge, of science. But as I have suggested, this may mean little until we are clearer about what counts as an acceptable general theory in philosophy. And until that happens we cannot debate the interesting issue between those who think that philosophy should be systematic and others who argue—for divergent reasons—that philosophy is not a quest for theory but a critical activity.

Many of the latter critics of current trends in philosophy are not well represented in the volume. Neither are critics who contend that much recent work in moral philosophy is divorced from empirical theories of the economy, of the state and of relations between states. And without such theories there may be no way of dealing with the familiar Marxist and anarchist claims that capitalism is incompatible with the liberal goals of human freedom and fulfillment. These issues are raised by Chomsky in his interview.

Out of respect and admiration for my colleagues and their work I have implicitly defended them against some of their recent detractors while realizing, as I have indicated, that there are many good reasons for concern about current philosophy. As a concluding word about the analytic linguistic philosophers who are not the heroes of this collection, it might be said that their specific analyses often survive the approaches in which they are embedded. Thus Ryle's discussion of the interconnections between "knowing how" and "knowing that," may very well outlive his general philosophical theses. There may be a similar fate awaiting Dworkin's broad social and ethical theories. They may prove less viable than many of the discussions they embody—of equality, of types of justice, of rules and principles.

And I suppose that after all is said and done, analytical philosophy, especially its linguistic version, has won the day in at least one way. We have learned that a lack of concern about our use of language may be a form of moral evasion, and that it might indicate a lack of concern with our own being. ☐

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THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Lanford Wilson's *Talley's Folly* is a breath of fresh air on Broadway (Brooks Atkinson Theatre). He calls it a waltz and, it is true, it moves lightfootedly over the boards of the old boathouse on a farm near Lebanon, Missouri. The play may be readily described as charming and gay but it is not sufficient to let it go at that.

Wilson came to notice with *The Hot I Baltimore*, which won the New York Drama Critics Award for best American play in 1973. But he has been writing since 1965 and his career is of special interest because it is marked by unusual progress not only in technical security but in inner development.

He is now only 43. Since the 1960s he has served as the "resident playwright" of the Circle Repertory Theatre, one of the most consistently unified New York groups devoted to serious drama. Indeed, he has been the mainstay of that organization. What is remarkable in this case is that he has overcome the tendencies which have confined a good number of dramatists of his generation to a narrow emotional range and to structural devices of limited creative yield.

Some of Wilson's earliest efforts appeared to belong on the fringes of a narcissistic bohemianism. It may have been that the content of these plays was in fact a criticism of the ghettos of withdrawal from 1950s conformism which led to the chaotic outbreaks of the 1960s. We did not know where Wilson was heading; we only felt that he was gifted, and that he was trying to find his own voice and a mode in which it might become significant.

In the later plays, beginning with *Hot I Baltimore* and proceeding to *The Mound Builders*, *The Fifth of July* and more especially *Talley's Folly* (first produced last May at the Circle Repertory Theatre's downtown base), Wilson's artistic personality and importance have become clear. Increasingly, he is the cheerful celebrant of a reconciliation between opposites or, at least, incompatibles. A good number of young American playwrights are still huffing and puffing in abrasive anxiety. Choked up with general resentment, they protest

aimlessly against the unmistakable burden of our day and place. One cannot say that their mood is unwarranted. But it does lead to a dramatic impasse which, in the end, must prove debilitating.

One can think of the individuals in *Talley's Folly* as fragile beings whose close contact may break their shells, destroy them or, to the contrary, form a new wholeness and sanity. The individuals themselves are extremely modest. Matt Friedman, a foreign-born Jew who works inconspicuously as an accountant in St. Louis, has had a fleeting affair with Sally Talley, daughter of a wealthy reactionary WASP business family. (They believe Matt is a greater menace to society than F.D.R.: the action takes place in July 1944.) He will not forget that fling with Sally. He drives down, a year after the event, to Lebanon to woo her anew and to propose marriage. He does so with persistence, quizzical humor, offbeat attack, logic of mind and heart, decent forbearance and underlying passion. But she fears that her background (which her temperament rejects) cannot make for an enduring relationship between the two of them; they are too far apart. What may be more-damaging to a marital accord, she feels with a degree of shame, is that because of a girlhood illness she cannot bear children, just as he (because of bitter family experience at the hands of the Nazis) does not wish to bring children into this newly disordered and destructive world.

The play's action is entirely devoted to Matt's rapid-fire courtship of Sally in which the barriers between them—social, cultural, material—are breached by their deeper closeness. To put it in songlike fashion, they will take a chance on life. These two so different "eggs" will break their isolated shells and engage with hope and courage in the dance of existence, in a blithe "one-two-three, one-two-three."

In this, as in nearly all of Wilson's work, there is a grass-roots, unself-conscious, American vein. It consists of a smiling, good-natured, by no means ignorant acceptance of all experience—no matter how untoward and anomalous. There is something loose-limbed, fancy-free and easy about this. It is undogmatic, unphilosophic, a natural accommodation to the craziness of surrounding circumstances.

At times, though, a touch of cuteness, a kind of decorative archness,

threatens to mar the fundamental humanity of what is being said. In this respect, *Talley's Folly* may not be Wilson's best play, though it is his most engaging. *The Fifth of July* extends itself in a landscape of greater moral disarray, but it still escapes the asphyxiation of the present-day temper of determined anger. Is there more ozone in the small-town Middle Western atmosphere than in the metropolis?

Its first-rate performances make *Talley's Folly* soar. Judd Hirsch, sharp-witted and lyrical, plays Matt with the brio of intelligence; Trish Hawkins is both dewy and real as Sally. John Lee Beatty's setting is constructed to allow for broad movement within the limits of a two-character play and it is so quaintly detailed that you can feel the glamorous isolation of the boathouse—a now neglected haven born of the fancy of an eccentric Talley forebear. Marshall Mason's direction sustains the text and cast through varieties of pace and good feelings without goo. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

What with the MX missile, the Love Canal, oil industry profits, allegations of Congressional corruption, random violence and the inability of a superpower to free some fifty of its citizens from the clutches of a band of young militants, one may wonder if this is the ideal moment to produce a jolly satire on America's sociopolitical shortcomings. The question is raised by Marshall Brickman's *Simon*. Brickman is a close friend of, and co-author with, Woody Allen, and it is not hard to detect in his first picture instances of the deflating wit and stoic wisecracks that light up Allen's work. But *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, to cite two of Allen's most recent films, are specifically social comedies, dealing with the fantasies and follies of individuals in a rather narrow segment of the community. Brickman's scope is much broader: by implication, it asks what a man of good will would attempt if given an opportunity to influence the social institutions and political direction of the country. Yet it is also a comedy.

The locale is the Institute for Advanced Concepts, one of those "think

tanks" that a good many Americans suspect are at best unnecessary luxuries and at worst sources of policies dangerously undisciplined by reality. Acquaintance with the activities of I.A.C. soon confirms such misgivings, but on the peculiar ground that its staff is not only arrogant but lunatic. The resident scientists direct their combined talents toward perpetrating practical jokes in a scene more resembling the day room of an asylum than a laboratory for innovative procedures. That, no doubt, is the point, but my own concern as to the influence of some of the more lavishly endowed research centers blunts the satire. The exaggeration seems more irritating than admonitory.

The current exploit of these zanies is to capitalize on the public's gullibility about U.F.O.s by producing an extra-terrestrial being whose authenticity will be proven by examination of its bodily fluids through a suitably rigged microscope. The staff instructs its computer to locate an orphan of unknown parentage, and it (or rather she: the machine speaks with the voice of a feline phone operator) comes up with Simon (Alan Arkin), an assistant professor of physics at Columbia University, whose vision of a better world is as vivid as his steps to attain it have been faltering. The scholars lure him to the institute and convince him that he has strayed in from a distant galaxy.

News of the alien gets abroad, the public becomes alarmed, the Army is called in, Simon escapes in a van equipped with electronic gear that can pre-empt the wavelengths of all the broadcasting companies, and takes refuge in an ashram where a television set is the holy of holies. There, he begins to transmit—over an all-channels network—the gospel according to Simon. He advocates banning Muzak from office-building elevators, punishing motorists who block intersections by pushing through the yellow lights, and removing other such burrs from beneath the saddle of urban life. One shares Simon's distaste for these abrasions, and Arkin's passionate denunciation of them is funny, but nonetheless the climax is a letdown. What about the gun lobby, what about the right-to-lifers, what about government surveillance or first-strike capability? Brickman is a smart citizen and certainly aware of such matters, but they don't fit the comedy format. He does make some gratifying comment on the pom-

pous opacity of the military mind, but kidding the brass has been safe since the days of Sergeant Bilko.

Perhaps because of the restraints upon it, *Simon* works hard to be hilarious, resorting to such dubious jokes as spraying the premises with an intelligence-reducing gas and encouraging the head scientist (Austin Pendleton) to fondle the siren-voiced computer. The cast cavorts in an ecstasy of merriment, producing a melancholy situation in which the performers seem to be having more fun than the audience. It is like being the one sober man in a company of drunks. Brickman, I believe, has tried to be astringent without being obnoxious, to tread on toes without ruffling feathers. It is a balancing act that in his day would have defeated Dean Swift, and his day was no worse than ours.

Italian film production, at least what we see of it, is beginning to resemble the fare served in our midtown spaghetti joints: lots of garlic and tomato sauce spilled over a small choice of pasta. The producers over there are persuaded that we view Italians as hysterical brawlers addicted to foul language and impromptu sex, and that we will flock to any film that confirms the stereotype. The reigning exponent of this distasteful image is Giancarlo Giannini, now leering his way through two current imports: Lina Wertmuller's *Blood Feud* and Marcello Fondato's *The Immortal Bachelor*.

Years ago, Wertmuller directed *Love and Anarchy*. Still probably her best film, it is a tragicomedy set in the time of Mussolini's rise to power. *Blood Feud* returns to those years and the Black Shirts emerge again, but this time in the context of farce. The story concerns a widow (Sophia Loren) whose husband has been murdered for the convenience of the local baron and who has become a virago in her quest for justice in Mafia-dominated Sicily. She attracts two allies—a Socialist lawyer (Marcello Mastroianni) and a Prohibition-era gangster (Giannini), both recently returned to their native village. The men are totally dissimilar and deeply antagonistic, the lawyer's ineffectuality symbolized by an exceedingly long, utterly dejected beard; the gangland trouble-shooter's brio underscored by the snub-nosed revolvers he conceals on his person. However, both men have discovered the chink in the widow's armor of rage: any gallant who, braving

her venomous tongue and clawing nails, concentrates on removing her outer garments will be rewarded with an encounter that surpasses his most lustful expectations. Roman lore offers nothing so titillating as the spectacle of these bruised gladiators returning for yet another amorous tilt. But should we see the film as a tragedy of fidelity or dismiss it as just another twist on the old game of tickle? Wertmuller is too busy being piquant to give us a lead.

The matter of retribution is swallowed up in the end by guerrilla warfare with a company of Mussolini's bravos, the gangster blazing away with two guns, dropping villains at distances up to a hundred yards. I'm not sure whether the director is laughing at the more naïve American Westerns or is misinformed about the accuracy of small arms. In any case, she stages this demonstration of marksmanship twice: first in a Greek amphitheater and later in a crowded emigration depot. After the second shoot-out, both heroes are seen dying in the widow's arms. It is a sentimental tableau with a cynical wink—like the whole picture, a calculated bid for popularity.

Giannini has the same swaggering job to do in *The Immortal Bachelor*, though he is seedier here, and is armed with only a quick temper and bloodshot eyes hooded by lust. He now goes under the name of Gino and is married to Tina (Monica Vitti). They are both perpetually in heat and unfaithful at every opportunity, and their lapses from fidelity provoke wall-smashing battles, followed by prodigies of lovemaking. During one such fight, Gino falls, or is pushed, into the municipal sewage system and the bulk of the film is preoccupied with Tina's trial for murder, the details of their domestic life emerging in flashbacks.

A subsidiary theme is the marriage of the Sansonis (Vittorio Gassman and Claudia Cardinale), a less than successful union because he is far too busy cheating the tax collector to offer her the attentions that a handsome woman in the prime of life rightfully considers her due. Signora Sansoni is called to serve on the murder jury and I will allow you to guess how her husband is involved with the other couple. This piffling tale is performed with a maximum of noise and the least possible subtlety. Sex can be funny, but it takes some wit to make it so. □

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ASSOCIATIONS

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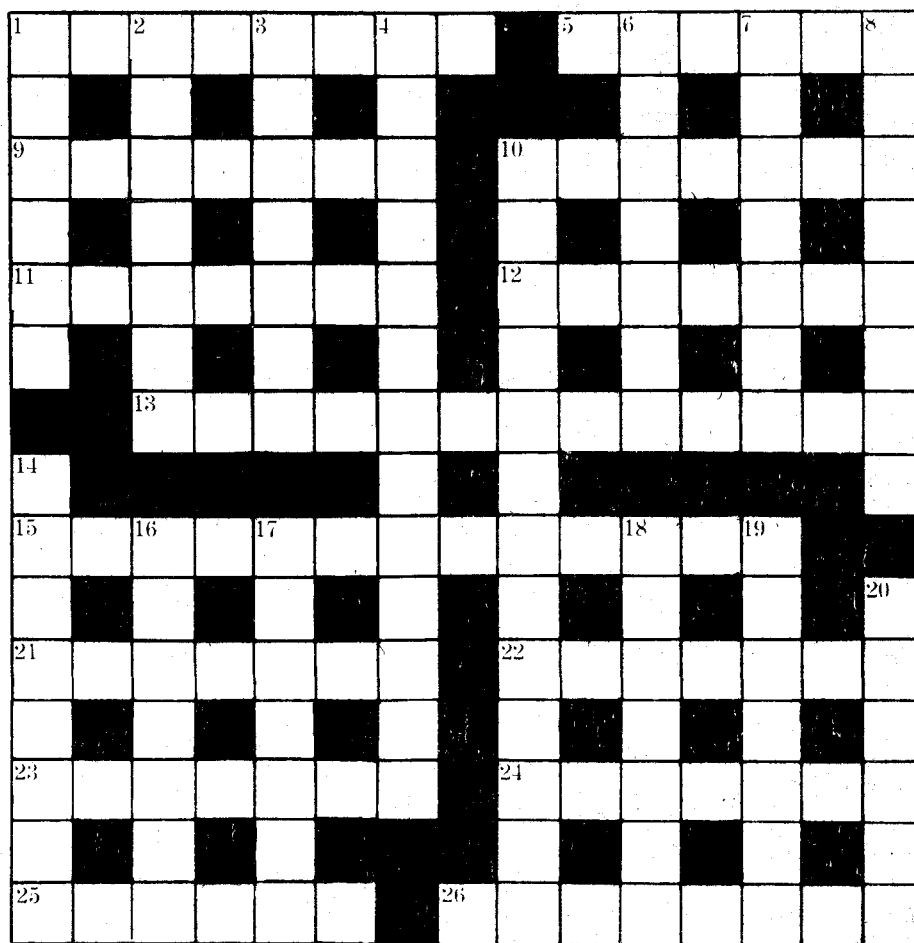
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1812

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 5 An insurance policy in favor of the landlord should be, or the correspondence attached to it. (8,6)
 9 With the inhuman Hun, the contents may sometimes be considered inhuman. (7)
 10 Thus it's around what a summer vacationer might want to get like the very devil! (7)
 11 The introductory bars of a song might, in a certain type of theater. (4-3)
 12 Wary of an automobile getting bad fuel? (7)
 13 Once, if you wanted to bring someone around, this could be called for. (8,5)
 15 It might be called out, causing Niagara untold trouble. (8,5)
 21 Did she look well in black? (7)
 22 A condensed representation of a pie-mix, going by the book. (7)
 23 Is furniture made from it possibly in the low mode? (3,4)
 24 The production is evidently canceled, one with obvious display. (4-3)
 25 One might check on your account, or give you his. (6)
 26 Made a remark about something which is advertised, and is missing. (8)
- 3 A musical embellishment or an embellishment to the dinner table? (7)
 4 If you get into such a trap, don't blame it on man! (7,6)
 6 Gets too much money for past civil wrongs? (7)
 7 Such things have an obvious air. (7)
 8 Certainly not 12—don't pay attention so much! (8)
 10 By the sound of it, not the first person invited who suggested something with a certain amount of hindsight. (6-7)
 14 See 1 down
 16 Let harm come out of it, warm or hot. (7)
 17 Exit front to back, with this result. (7)
 18 Sort of help 24, in a way, if overweight. (7)
 19 In a way, proud to be no longer a member of the class. (7)
 20 Reduced the area of canvas. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1811

ACROSS: 1 and 4 On the other hand; 9 Wrought up; 10 Issue; 11 Tea For Two; 12 Henna; 13 Encroached; 17 Hellenists; 21 Dicta; 22 Go calling; 23 Not it; 24 Elaborate; 25 Easy catch; 26 Stead. DOWN: 1 and 14 On With the Dance; 2 Trojan; 3 Eggnog; 4 Outstanding debt; 5 Hippocratic Oath; 6 Railhead; 7 Absinthe; 8 Die-hards; 15 Placates; 16 Pedantic; 18 Blooms; 19 Tirade; 20 Agreed.

DOWN

- 1 and 14 A mutual attraction being the ordinary amount one gets on savings? (6,8)
 2 Dr. Pepper, Seven-Up, but no Pepper-Up? Salesmen make it! (7)

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—Sure. Don't call yourself *National Geographic*—that's taken.

—I meant that in a philosophical sense. What should a magazine stand for, for example?

—Nothing. It should stand for nothing.

—Nothing?

—Sure. The way the world is today, nobody should stand for it. Home heating oil up 100 percent in one year, stagflation, MX missiles on race tracks, 13 percent interest rates and 14 percent inflation, John Connally—who can stand it?

—What do you think of the Presidential race?

—I'd rather not. But since you ask, the answers are yes, no and only his hairdresser knows for sure.

—What were the questions?

—Will Ted Kennedy stay in, will Jerry Brown drop out and is Ronald Reagan older than I am?

—You certainly have all the answers.

—Nope. I have all the questions. You want the answers, go see the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. But if you think for yourself, fill out that handy coupon on this page and subscribe to *The Nation*.



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